The Outlook

JUNE 28, 1913

LYMAN ABBOTT
Editor-in-Chief

HAMILTON W. MABIE
Associate Editor

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

R. D. TOWNSEND
Managing Editor

An Announcement

MR. ROOSEVELT has accepted an invitation from the *Museo Social Argentino* of Buenos Aires to visit the Argentine Republic and deliver some addresses on subjects of international social interest. The *Museo Social* has the approval of the Argentine Government, and the Argentine Minister at Washington, Señor Naón, has expressed to Mr. Roosevelt the general desire of the Argentine people to have him make the visit, in a communication running in part as follows:

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt,
care The Outlook, New York.

. . . The *Museo Social* of Argentine, a leading institution, wishes you to speak to our people because they consider you one of the great champions of democracy and would like to hear from your high moral authority the principles on which democracy must be administered if they are permanently to endure. I will transmit the themes of your lectures. The Argentine people will celebrate your arrival as a very happy event and will greet you as your achievements deserve, as one of the greatest American statesmen, and listen to your message as from one of the most famous republicans of the world. . . .

R. S. NAÓN.

The Minister also in a personal visit explained to Mr. Roosevelt more fully the purpose of the invitation.

The invitation of the *Museo Social*, which the above communication confirms, indicates that one or more addresses are desired of a character somewhat the same as the address given by Mr. Roosevelt at the Sorbonne in Paris three years ago. In writing to Mr. Roosevelt, Dr. Emilio Frers, President of the *Museo Social*, says: "We should very much like to identify with our work the ideas of a man who, like you, is also a reformer in the highest sense of the word, and from whom our people could hear words particularly helpful to them at this stage of their political development."

This invitation has been accepted by Mr. Roosevelt because he feels that the principles of government which he advocates at home are those upon which successful democracies everywhere must be built if they are to endure. He regards it as a privilege and a duty to give utterance to these principles in the Argentine, one of the great democracies of the world, which has before it an almost limitless field of growth during the twentieth century.

In making this visit Mr. Roosevelt will leave New York the first week of October next, and while in South America he will visit Brazil and Chili, and possibly will take the occasion to make a trip into the tropical interior of the continent. If Mr. Roosevelt decides to make this trip into the interior, a later announcement will be made regarding its character and arrangement.

It gives us great satisfaction to be able to say that while he is delivering these speeches in South America, Mr. Roosevelt, as a member of its staff, will contribute to The Outlook articles on the political, social, and industrial life of the South Americans as he sees it, and will, on his return, resume his place in our editorial councils, where his wide knowledge, sound judgment, and human sympathy have formed a contribution to The Outlook not less valuable than the articles which have appeared over his own name.

The importance of Mr. Roosevelt's visit to South America in cementing Pan-American friendships will be generally recognized. What it may mean has been expressed in the following editorial which appeared recently in the New York "Sun," a journal whose

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appreciation of Mr. Roosevelt has never prevented it from opposing him vigorously in the field of politics:

We hope it is true Colonel Roosevelt will lecture in Argentina next fall on the progress of the United States. His visit to that country of splendid prosperities and more splendid hopes will be more than an honor to a world citizen; nor is it, for instance, to compare smaller things with greater, like the visit of M. Clemenceau. The republics of Latin civilization are friendly to each other. It would be blinking the facts to deny that Mexico, South and Central America are far from fond of the United States.

Colonel Roosevelt may say something, may do something, to improve relations between those countries and his own. His renown, his experience, his great part in affairs, his bluffness married to a subtle spirit, his strange engagingness of personality, his equal delight in all companies, his supreme happiness amid wild things and under the stars and sun, these must stir more than an interest of curiosity among a people where the luxurious expensive urbanities are surrounded by a life mainly rural and healthy.

What region of the earth is not full of the Colonel's labors? We need not, but we shall, wish him a good voyage and plenty of fun. Those he is sure to have; and the old cowboy will be at home in the pampas. Somewhere he will find pumas, jaguars, wildcats, and whatever else he wants to hit. He will make a hundred thousand new friends; and meanwhile he may still be lecturing his countrymen in The Outlook.

THE WEEK

The New Currency Bill

President Wilson considers that the reform of our currency and banking system is second in importance only to the reform of the tariff. The provisions of the new tariff bill having been practically determined upon, the Administration has now turned its attention to the currency question. A bill has been framed, the general provisions of which have been published, although the bill itself has not at this writing been introduced into Congress. It will, however, be presented to Congress before this issue of The Outlook reaches its readers. It is popularly known as the Glass-Owen Bill because Representative Glass, of Virginia, Chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency, and Senator Owen, of Oklahoma, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency, have had it in their special charge. It will be an Administration measure because the President and Secretaries McAdoo and Bryan have given it their personal study, revision, and approval. Like all great legislative measures, it is not an abstract creation of inventive genius, but is a product of evolutionary growth. In 1908 there was created by Congress a National Monetary Commission to collect data and make recommendations for a reform of the National banking and currency laws of the United States. This commission was an able one, and made a thorough and scientific study of the various monetary systems of America and Europe. The result was the preparation of a bill popularly known as the Aldrich Monetary Bill, because Mr. Aldrich, at that time Senator from Rhode Island, was Chairman of the Commission. Readers of The Outlook will recall that the Aldrich Monetary Bill has been discussed carefully and frequently in these pages, and that we approved of its general structure and urged its passage. It provided that the National banking system was to be reorganized on the model furnished by the political structure of the United States, namely, a certain number of local associations bound together in a central organization, much as the forty-eight States are bound together in the Federal Government. This general plan is followed by the Glass-Owen Bill. In one respect, however, we think the Glass-Owen Bill makes a very important and a very desirable advance over the Aldrich or Monetary Commission Bill.

The Chief Advantage of the New Bill

The Aldrich Bill provided that the National or Central Reserve Association, to control all the National banks and all the issue of banking currency, should consist almost wholly of representatives of the banking interests; only three of the Board of Directors were to be representatives of the Government. In a letter addressed personally to Senator Aldrich, written February 2, 1912, The Outlook pointed out that this concentration of power in the banks was feared by the country, and suggested that the bill should be amended so that the President should name all the Directors, subject to the approval of the United States Senate, thus

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

following the method of selecting Ambassadors or Justices of the Supreme Court. This proposal has been repeated more than once in these pages. We naturally, therefore, regard the introduction of this principle in the Glass-Owen Bill with satisfaction. The Federal Reserve Board, which under the new bill will have control of the banking and currency of the United States, is to consist of seven members, three of whom shall be the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Agriculture, and the Comptroller of the Currency. The other four members are to be appointed by the President with the approval of the Senate. In some quarters it seems to be the impression that the bill provides that no bankers shall serve upon the Federal Reserve Board. We do not so understand it. Men who have been trained in banking, and who are thus financial experts, may be members of the Federal Reserve Board if the President so desires; but they must not while members of the Board have any official connection, direct or indirect, with any bank. This seems to us to be an entirely correct provision. No bank officer can be Secretary of the Treasury and retain his official connection with a bank; in like manner no member of the Federal Reserve Board should properly be a bank officer. Presidential control of appointments to the Federal Reserve Board insures direct Government supervision over the operations of the National Banking System of the United States, and makes that supervision responsible to the popular will. The new Currency Bill is thus a thoroughly democratic measure in the best sense of the word.

Two Senators on "Home Industries"

Perhaps the most valuable feature of "Collier's Weekly" is the page of "Comment on Congress," by Mark Sullivan. The "Congressional Record," which some one has wittily described as the "worst-edited newspaper in the world," has very little general appeal. Mr. Sullivan has the happy faculty of presenting the most important matters contained in that omnivorous journal—seasoned with incisive criticism and judicious praise—in a manner to make them palatable to the most indifferent reader. Recently he has devoted considerable space to Congressmen and Senators courageous enough to stand out against the pressure of local interest and with backbone enough to stand up for the general principle of tariff reduction to which the Democratic party is pledged. Two notable examples, he finds, are Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, and Senator Nathan P. Bryan, of Florida. Senator Williams, Mr. Sullivan says, knows "that free sugar means the doom of the sugar-raising industry in his own State and in the sugar States generally." Yet he is broad-minded enough to place his party platform above what might appear as his own personal advantage. In a recent speech Senator Williams said: "I am perfectly willing to admit that free sugar will dismantle every sugar-house in the State of Louisiana. I know it as well as I know my name is John Williams. It is pathetic to me to think that these people have been invited to come in and walk in deep water on stilts, and that when they are now asked to walk without stilts they must be drowned. After all, the sugar duty is a special privilege, because no man has a God-given or a natural right to make money out of an industry of any sort except where he can stand on his two legs without legislative help." Senator Bryan, Mr. Sullivan tells us, received a telegram from the Florida Shippers' Exchange which contained these significant lines: "Remember that the welfare of one hundred thousand Floridians and the safety of one hundred million dollars capital in Florida is seriously jeopardized by any reduction in tariff on oranges. . . . Louisiana has notified us that their Senators will help us on citrus tariff if you will help their Senators on sugar. Will you consult with both Louisiana and Mississippi Senators in this matter and see if such an alliance can be safely arranged?" Senator Bryan's reply is worthy of quotation entire. We have room for the following sentences only: "One of the vices of the system of protective tariff has been that one industry will support another in return for protection for itself. . . . That this statement is true is illustrated by your telegram. . . . Does not such a plan as outlined inevitably lead to a tariff made up of trades, and can anybody expect justice or fair treatment for the whole country under such a plan? . . . I had this question to meet when I was a candidate for the Senate, and I can only say to you now what I said to the growers themselves then—that I will not vote for a protective tariff on anything, wherever manufactured or produced." It is not out of place to add that there would be still less chance for a tariff by trades and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for localities were the matter in the hands of a National tariff commission instead of in the hands of representatives of the several States. Unfortunately, all Senators and Congressmen are not as independent and true to their convictions regarding the tariff as Senators Bryan and Williams.

The Diplomatic Service

President Wilson's foreign appointments, as made public last week, challenge interest. Particularly is this true in the case of four men who represent literature and journalism—Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, appointed as Ambassador to Italy; Mr. Meredith Nicholson, appointed Minister to Portugal; Mr. Pleasant A. Stovall, appointed Minister to Switzerland; and Mr. William E. Gonzales, appointed Minister to Cuba. The first two in this list represent literature; the second two, journalism. Of Mr. Page it is unnecessary to say anything, so well known is he as a writer of stories of the South. A Virginian of a family long conspicuous in the affairs of his native State, he adds to the distinction which he enjoys in literature the fact that he is a thoroughly representative man, having influence in politics, religion, and in the movement towards the conservation of our natural resources. He is to be congratulated on the possibility of a residence in Rome, where, if anywhere in the world, cultivated, refined, and inspiring society is to be found. Mr. Nicholson is the well-known Indiana author and critic, and goes to a country now being made over by its new republican government. Mr. Stovall, editor of the Savannah "Press," is a thorough Georgian, having been born in that State, having been educated at the University of Georgia, and having seen service in the Georgia Legislature, from which he resigned to represent the United States Government in that republic which of all republics is not only the oldest but the most progressive. Mr. Gonzales likewise represents a Southern paper, the Columbia "State," not only the leading paper of South Carolina but one of the best papers of the entire country. His Spanish name will stand him in good stead in a Spanish-speaking country. It is believed that he has the right qualities successfully to cope with the difficult questions coming before any American Minister in Havana. The appointment of Mr. Gonzales and of others said to have been chosen as Ministers to Latin-American countries, where the precedent has already been established of filling such posts by promotion, has alarmed some friends of Civil Service Reform. They feel that those who have risen to the grade of Minister are to be ousted as summarily as are the admittedly political appointees. While the executive orders of 1905 and 1909 do not protect officers of the grade of Minister, the reforms instituted in our diplomatic service have gratifyingly resulted in filling the minor posts of this class by promotion. It would be deplorable should President Wilson consent to any general dismissal of those who have risen from the ranks to the grade of Minister.

The Consular Service

The selection of outsiders for minor diplomatic posts has also naturally increased the impression that President Wilson and Secretary Bryan might use the larger consulates to pay their political debts. We are glad to chronicle, therefore, an announcement from the State Department that the Administration will not abandon the system of examination and promotion in the consular service instituted by President Roosevelt and continued by President Taft. Certainly it would have seemed incredible if men who have submitted to tests to prove their knowledge of foreign languages and foreign trade conditions, and who have had more or less ripe experience in the consular service, were to be asked to give place to outsiders without such knowledge and such experience. President Wilson and Secretary Bryan have but to turn to the present list of consular officers in high position to see that our present system of examination and promotion has insured a service of which we may be justly proud. In making the announcement above quoted on the part of the Administration, Secretary Bryan rather ominously adds, however, that the President may feel at liberty to suspend the executive order now protecting consular tenure in cases in which better-qualified candidates can be found outside the consular service than inside it. Probably here and there some man of wide knowledge, executive authority, and wisdom may rise outside the service who should be put into it. In general, however, we hope that in the consular as in the diplomatic service the President and the Secretary of State will do all in their power to countenance and support the reforms begun in both services to take them out of party politics.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Private War in West Virginia

The testimony heard at Charleston, West Virginia, last week by the United States Senate's committee of investigation was astonishing in its revelations of threats, lawlessness, and violence by both parties to the strife begun more than a year ago in the Kanawha coal fields in West Virginia. It would be impossible on press reports to judge of the truth of all these charges and counter-charges or to allot the share of blame attached to the miners and the mine-owners. But when one reads of the first and second battles of Mucklow and of the firing with machine guns from an "armored train" on the village of Holly Grove, of the statement by Governor Hatfield as reported in despatches that over a hundred lives have been lost in the struggle, of the statements that even at last week's hearing outbreaks were feared and the court-room was filled with armed miners and mine-guards, one is tempted to excuse the excitable Senator Martine for exclaiming, "A condition unbelievable and shameful to the country is indicated." We have before us the report of a special investigating commission of West Virginia appointed by Governor Glasscock last August in which the beginnings of the trouble are thus described: "Two facts loom big over the smaller ones developed in this bulk of testimony—the desperate efforts and often unwarranted and unlawful acts of the United Miners to force the union into the disturbed districts, and the equally desperate, unwarranted, and unlawful acts of the operators and their agents to keep the union out." In the Pennsylvania coal districts and elsewhere the United Miners are working in reasonably comfortable relations with the mine-owners because of mutual toleration and a fair system of arbitration, conciliation, and definite contracts. West Virginia must find the same or some other method of practical agreement after this war in which some 70,000 laborers are involved. Governor Hatfield (Governor Glasscock's successor) has lately removed the military rule in the strike region, and it was thought that the strike was over; but last week many workers again went out, asserting that the mine-owners were not keeping their agreement. One of the worst features of this coal war has been the employment by the mine-owners of forces of guards who have been used not merely as watchmen and protectors of property, but almost like a war force in the field. A newspaper writer, quoted in the *habeas corpus* proceedings last year, said of the guards and detectives employed by the companies: "Until the State troops came into the region and took their rifles away from them, they went about everywhere, gun in hand, searching trains, halting strangers, ejecting undesirables, turning out miners from their houses, and doing whatever 'rough work' the companies needed to have done." No wonder that military law was established; but the military commission itself is accused by Governor Hatfield of gross abuse of power, and he has reversed many of its findings. The whole condition has been one which might well call for full Federal examination, and our impression is that the hearings of last week were far from complete or final.

Another New York and New Haven Horror

The following table, which we make up from the newspapers, will indicate why the journey on the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad, whether by freight or passenger trains, is deemed dangerous:

Fairfield, Connecticut, June 8, 1911. 4 killed.
Bridgeport, Connecticut, July 12, 1911. 12 killed, 54 injured.
Middletown, Connecticut, August 28, 1911. 60 injured.
Berlin Junction, Connecticut, October 15, 1911. 2 killed, 5 injured.
Clinton, Massachusetts, June 11, 1912. 8 injured.
Stonington Junction, Connecticut, July 25, 1912. 3 killed, 4 injured.
Dorchester, Massachusetts, August 8, 1912. 5 killed, 16 injured.
South Boston, Massachusetts, August 9, 1912. 7 killed, 40 injured.
Westport, Connecticut, October 3, 1912. 7 killed, 15 injured.
Greens Farms, Connecticut, November 16, 1912. 17 injured.
Putnam, Connecticut, November 17, 1912. 1 killed, 2 injured.
Willimantic, Connecticut, November 30, 1912. 5 injured.
Waterbury, Connecticut, February 12, 1913. 15 injured.

The latest accidents occurred on June 12, when at Stamford, Connecticut, the Boston Express was wrecked, killing six and injuring twenty-two persons; and on June 18 near Lowell, Massachusetts, when the Bar Harbor Express was derailed, fortunately without killing or injuring any one. At Stamford the first section of the Boston Express had halted to change from steam to electric power. The second section ran past its signals and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

smashed into the last car of section one. That car was a Pullman chair car made of wood. The locomotive cleft it like a wedge. Most of the killed and hurt were in that car. When one recalls that at the Westport wreck last year the fire which burned to death four women passengers originated in a Pullman car of wood construction, the conclusion is, of course, that only by the establishment of a system of steel cars may any railway feel that it has done its duty by its passengers. Within a few hours of the collision at Stamford the wrecked Pullman car was taken away and burned. Is this a criminal destruction of evidence? Whether it is or not, the act was stupid, and will only intensify public resentment. It has been said that this company has "played in hard luck." It would have played in better luck, of course, if it had equipped the Boston Express with its best engineer and its best engine. To sent out the worst man with the best engine or the best man with the worst engine would not indicate ill luck, but a lack of brains. The company's explanation of the accident was that the engineer was to blame because he ran past his signals. Accordingly, a few days later, the company ran the same engine over the road, duplicating the Stamford wreck conditions; after successfully meeting six preliminary contests, the air brakes on the engine, as reported, failed to hold the wheels! It is, of course, useless to say that engineers who run past signals are "green" or that locomotives have "stiff" brakes. What is a railway management for if not to save passengers from "green" engineers and "stiff" brakes?

William II

The German Emperor duly celebrated last week the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne. He had some time ago, however, given to that celebration a chief characteristic. He declared that he did not wish his people to mark the twenty-fifth year of his reign by giving costly presents to him, but rather by connecting his name with gifts and benefactions of a charitable and philanthropic nature, from which the Fatherland as a whole would profit. Hardly a town in Germany has failed to act on this advice—has failed to establish some school or hospital or park bearing the Kaiser's name. Moreover, the great German industrial and commercial concerns have similarly connected the Imperial name with special payments to their employees, marking the quarter centenary. When the day arrived, the Emperor marked it himself by proclaiming amnesty for delinquents imprisoned for various infractions of the law and for all members of the army and navy undergoing punishment for violations of the regulations—excluding therefrom, however, all men who had been convicted of slander or maltreatment of subordinates. The actual commemoration was deferred from its real date because that date, of course, coincided with the death of the lamented Emperor Frederick. The celebration occurred on the following day, which, by a happy coincidence, was the forty-second anniversary of William I's triumphal return at the head of his army after the Franco-Prussian War. The streets of Berlin were filled with the greatest and gayest crowd the capital had ever seen. The celebration reached its climax with visits from the allied sovereigns of Germany—the kings, regents, grand dukes, reigning princes, and chief magistrates of the Empire's twenty-five independent Federal states and cities. The Prince Regent of Bavaria, acting as spokesman for his fellows, declared that the Emperor, in directing the Empire's foreign policy, had shown himself an upholder of peace and an upbuilder of the Empire. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the spokesman of a delegation from this country, was received by the Kaiser with the following greeting, as reported: "Twenty-five years of peace, Mr. Carnegie, and I hope there will be twenty-five more." Peace, as The Outlook has already chronicled, has been William II's great gift to the world. He has known how to make it, while pushing Germany politically, economically, socially, into the very forefront of the nations. Americans will, we are sure, unite in Mr. Carnegie's rejoinder as to the Kaiser's hope of future peace: "Your Majesty is the most powerful ally we have in that direction."

Rubber and Humanity

The Committee of the House of Commons on the Putumayo atrocities has made its report. The atrocities were revealed officially almost a year ago. They had been revealed unofficially some time before that. They had aroused the British Government, and it appointed Sir Roger Casement, British Consul-General at Rio de Janeiro, to go to the Putumayo district on the upper Amazon district to investigate the rumors. This district lies mostly in the eastern region of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peru. It is only some four hundred or five hundred miles, as a bird flies, from Lima, the capital of Peru. But because the as yet impassable Andes Mountains lay between, it could be reached only by a journey north on the Pacific to Panama, thence across the Isthmus and by the Atlantic southeast to the mouth of the Amazon and then west twenty-three hundred miles up the river to Iquitos—and, incredible as it may seem to some, the river is navigable for ocean steamers all the way. Iquitos is the main Peruvian port on the Amazon, and is the administrative center of the district. Throughout this region Peruvian authority has unfortunately been very shadowy; the Government seemed to be unable properly to police the district. Seven years ago a firm of South Americans arranged with the Peruvian Government for the monopoly of the rubber industry in the Putumayo. The only labor to be obtained was native labor. But as rubber had to be secured and the natives were compelled to secure it, and as some of them seemed lazy, a slave trade was introduced in its worst guise, in order to force the natives to unremitting toil in tapping the rubber trees for the most immediate profit, apparently without much reference to the future either of the country or of the industry. In order to spur those natives deemed to be "no good," flogging was introduced. Sir Roger Casement says:

> Indians were frequently flogged to death. Cases were reported to me where men or women had died actually under the lash, but this seems to have been infrequent. Deaths due to flogging generally ensued some days afterward. . . . Deliberate starvation was again and again resorted to, but this not only where it was desired to frighten but where the intention was to kill. Men and women were kept prisoners in the station stocks until they died of hunger. . . . One of the witnesses declared that he had seen Indians burned alive more than once.

Other evidence revealed an appalling category of crime. It was no uncommon practice, it was finally shown, to pour kerosene oil on men and women and then set fire to them, to burn men at the stake, to dash out the brains of children, to hack off both arms and both legs of Indians, leaving them to a slow death.

Dummy Directors

The world was horrified. The revelations of atrocities in the rubber districts of the Congo, also investigated for the British Government by Sir Roger Casement, had been bad enough, but this was worse. It also shocked the British to think that the company in question had been reorganized under British law and that some of its directors were Englishmen. The directors protested their ignorance of actual conditions. The House of Commons thereupon appointed a committee to investigate the directors. Its report holds the Peruvian director of the company responsible for the atrocities. It absolves the British directors from any personal acts for which they could be punished. But it justly charges them with culpable negligence and declares them "deserving of severe censure," adding, "Directors who merely attend board meetings and sign checks cannot escape from their share of moral responsibility when gross abuses are revealed." Thus the lesson to be learned from this report is that henceforth there should be no such thing as a "dummy director." The directors of this particular company cannot justify their inaction. They may not have agreed with their co-director in Peru that the production of rubber is one thing and the conservation of humanity quite another. They may even have thought that the two should go hand in hand. If so, they ought to have made it their business to see that there was such union. The world has grown too humane for any other course in any country, no matter how far away from centers of civilization. If any other is permitted by the directors of any operating company, then in our opinion, they should receive a severer penalty than a mere censure. That severer penalty may ultimately end the present criminal system of "dummy directors."

The Marconi Debate

Last week in the British House of Commons there occurred a remarkable debate. Two members of the present Liberal Cabinet were under suspicion—namely, Mr. David Lloyd George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Sir Rufus Isaacs, the Attorney-General; together with Lord Murray of Elibank, the former Liberal "whip"—that party official who has charge of the Parliamentary attendance of party members. These gentlemen had bought shares of the Marconi Company of America on "inside information" furnished by Mr. Godfrey Isaacs, a brother of the Attorney-General, and a director in both the British and American Marconi Companies. The Opposition charged that the Ministers had broken the rule that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no Government Minister should take a favor or an advantage from any one who was contracting with the Government, especially in a company whose profits "undoubtedly depended upon the conclusion of the contract between the British Marconi Company and the British Government." There was nothing to show, however, that the purchases had not been honestly made and without suspicion that they would lead to political embarrassment, or could be affected by any act done by the purchasers in their official capacity. Unfortunately, when the matter was reported last autumn, the Ministers remained silent. Last week, however, in the House of Commons they admitted that their course of silence had been a regrettable mistake. While, in general, the Liberals considered that the Ministers had rehabilitated themselves in the eyes of the public, the Opposition declared that the Ministers' apologies were insufficient, and determined to press to a decision the proposal for a vote of censure. In protesting against this proposal Mr. Asquith, the Premier, admitted that the Ministers would have saved much time and trouble had they told Parliament all about the matter last autumn. "The Ministers concerned," he said, "have suffered for an error of judgment a penalty quite as heavy as ever visited such an error under similar circumstances. . . . The Ministers have admitted their error, but their honor is unstained. They have abused no public trust, they retain the complete confidence of their political associates, and I ask the House to say that it repudiates the infamous calumnies which have been disproved and to put on record that the House of Commons accepts their statements."

The Liberal Ministry Remains Unchanged

Mr. Balfour—though no longer the titular leader of the Opposition, yet still its real leader—wished to amend this motion. He brushed aside with contempt the charges of corruption, saying that he had never heard such charges brought against the Ministers, but he strenuously maintained that there had been breaches of propriety in investments by Ministers without making full inquiry, disclaimed any desire to censure the Ministers, but wanted something on the record other than the report of the majority of the Parliamentary Committee. Mr. Bonar Law, actual Opposition leader, also expressed regret at the want of frankness of the Ministers, and spoke with greater asperity of the want of delicacy and discretion in the share transactions; he charged that the Ministers were escaping without the censure which they justly deserved. Sir Edward Grey, Foreign Minister, then pointed out that a motion of censure would, if carried, mean the resignation of the Ministers; it would mean that their political careers would be forever at an end. The question was a simple one: If the Ministers had been guilty of dishonorable or corrupt conduct, they ought to go; if, on the other hand, their conduct had been free from such taint, the House ought not to censure them. This view was found to be the view of most of the members of the House, and the Government carried its resolution by a majority of 78. The text of the resolution was as follows:

> That this House, after hearing the statement of the Attorney-General and the Chancellor of the Exchequer in reference to their purchases of shares in the Marconi Company of America, accepts their expression of regret that such purchases were made and that they were not mentioned in the debate of October 11 last, acquits them of acting otherwise than in good faith, and reprobates the charges of corruption against the Ministers, which have been proved to be absolutely false.

The Marconi affair will not be without its healthful influence, not only in British politics but in the politics of every country. For the lesson to be learned is perfectly clear. Public officials cannot be too careful or too cautious in private investments; indeed, those officials might well abstain from every speculative transaction in securities, whether or not the transaction might involve them with persons holding or trying to hold Government contracts.

College Commencements

What the alumni have to say in Commencement week is of equal consequence with the baccalaureate addresses to the graduating class. On taking the chair at the Yale alumni meeting, the Hon. Henry L. Stimson, former Secretary of War, said: "We have been flung with terrific suddenness into acute problems of National life. More intelligent and better-trained public service is demanded. It is the day of the trained expert. Popular government is tested by its ability to command his service. The alumni want to know what Yale is doing for it, to meet the crisis of the Nation at a unique

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turning-point in its career." This need of the trained expert had already been incisively instanced at the annual luncheon of the Yale Law School alumni. Thomas Thacher, LL.D., of New York, said of the seven anti-trust bills recently enacted by the New Jersey Legislature that the whole batch was mere language, presenting to the bench and the bar a hopeless task in unraveling its meaning. President Hadley in his baccalaureate address had set forth the special demand which the present agitation for reform makes upon educated men for critical and courageous thinking, unsupported by the illusions of the crowd, with a faith undaunted by its errors. This spirit of the true reformer was illustrated in the address of Mr. Samuel J. Elder, of Boston, before the Yale Law School. Commenting on the Senate's rejection of the arbitration treaties with Great Britain and France, which excepted matters of honor and vital interests, he asked, "Will these be more wisely or justly determined by the chances of battle? The code of honor is no longer in force between men. Why should it be between nations?" President Hibben, of Princeton, in his address at the Yale alumni dinner, after saying that Yale was closer to the heart of Princeton than any other university, said, "Yale and Princeton belong to the country. The Nation looks to us for leadership in these perilous times, not leaving the past behind us, but taking it with us into the new things. Educated men must be intent not only on performing duty, but on discovering what duty is." At many other centers this has been the one prevailing thought of the Commencement season. President Finley addressed the graduates of the College of the City of New York as called to be "pioneers in extending the boundaries of the invisible world and the enlargement of life." President Faunce, of Brown University, urged the call of the Eastern world for the guidance and leadership of the West in disinterested service to humanity. The same idea, with variations, was expressed at Rutgers College, Wesleyan University, the University of Pennsylvania, and elsewhere.

Degrees Among numerous honorary degrees, the Doctorate of Laws was conferred on Admiral Peary by Tufts College; on Colonel Goethals and Henry P. Davison, partner of the late J. P. Morgan, by the University of Pennsylvania; on Chief Justice White, of the Supreme Court, and President Meiklejohn, of Amherst, by Brown University; on President Hibben, of Princeton, Chief Justice Prentice, of Connecticut, and the Hon. D. F. Houston, the Secretary of Agriculture, by Yale, which also conferred the degree of Litt.D. on Alfred Noyes, of Oxford, England, who has been named as perhaps destined to fill the vacant post of poet laureate. Yale gave the degree of Doctor of Divinity to the Right Rev. Boyd Vincent, Bishop of Southern Ohio; to the Rev. Joseph A. Twichell, of Hartford; and to the Rev. Arthur Judson Brown, author of books on missionary statesmanship. Harvard gave it to Professor James E. Frame, of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, and to Bishop Brent, of the Philippine Islands. Harvard also conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws on Luke E. Wright, former Governor of the Philippines; Judge Gray, of the United States Court of Appeals; and Senhor Müller, of whom we speak elsewhere. The recipients of the degree of Doctor of Letters from Harvard were Thomas Nelson Page, probably to be Ambassador to Italy; William Roscoe Thayer, biographer and historical critic; and John Williams White, Professor of Greek at Harvard.

The Hollis Pageant at Cambridge One of the features of the Harvard Commencement season was a pageant in celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the famous brick dormitory—Hollis Hall. Its fame is due in part to its antiquity (using the word as applicable to things American), in part to its severely fine proportions, but in the main to the fact that it has housed in their undergraduate days such men as Emerson, Thoreau, Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Edward Everett, and Prescott, the historian. The words of the pageant, in six episodes, were written by Professor Baker. An anthem (the words of which had been chosen and set to music, now lost, by Harvard students of the eighteenth century) was sung to music composed for the occasion by P. L. Atherton, a former occupant of Hollis, and a song was furnished by C. T. Ryder, another former occupant of the Hall. The pageant was performed by undergraduates, of whom one, who impersonated John Harvard, the founder of the College, is of John Harvard's family and name. Thomas Hollis, the donor of the Hall, was also represented in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pageant. There were shown in this pageant scenes of early Harvard days, including the period when the dormitory was used as a Revolutionary barracks.

Lauro Müller

The Outlook has already chronicled the arrival in this country of Senhor Lauro Severiano Müller, Brazilian Minister of Foreign Affairs, who is officially returning the visit paid to Brazil by Secretary of State Root in 1906. It is a pleasure to note that wherever Dr. Müller has gone Americans have emphasized the value of the event in our continually more intimate relations with Latin America, and especially with its largest country, Brazil; indeed, we do not always realize that Brazil is larger than the mainland of our own country. At Washington the President and his Cabinet officers have shown every courtesy to Dr. Müller, and at New York City similar courtesies have been extended. This has been accentuated by the fact that the Brazilian battle-ship which conveyed Senhor Müller to this country lies in the harbor. But the most picturesque and interesting recognition of the Minister occurred at the Harvard Commencement at Cambridge when he received the degree of Doctor of Laws. In conferring this honor President Lowell thus designated the recipient: "Maker of harbors and of railways; beautifier of a beautiful city; a statesman who has waged war against slavery and disease; a soldier who stands for peace and for that friendly spirit which, pervading the Americans, will promote the welfare of the Western world." At the alumni meeting afterwards a special musical selection was given as a mark of courtesy to Senhor Müller, who replied in a short address. It is interesting to note the Minister's comments on certain matters which affect both the United States of America and the United States of Brazil; for instance, Japanese immigration. Dr. Müller says, as reported:

> Some thousands of Japanese are coming into São Paulo, a State of Brazil, for agricultural purposes, but it is not true that colonization agreements have been entered into between Japan and Brazil as governments. In Brazil we are in the same position as we were fifty years ago, the same position that your State of California was in at that time—we need population; and if the question of possible encroachment by Japanese should ever come up in our country, we would be able to deal with it without the difficulty experienced by the United States and California, for in Brazil we have unity of legislation. The laws of the States are alike in Brazil, and the central government watches over questions like those.

Friday, the Thirteenth

Though the death of superstition even among the so-called civilized peoples may be an event as remote as it is desirable, why the recent conjunction of Friday, the thirteenth of the month, and the year 1913 should have attracted so much attention is difficult to comprehend. Even if it may be said that a large share of the newspaper comment upon this not excessively interesting occasion was written in a spirit of jest, it must be added with equal truth that very much of this jesting was suspiciously and ostentatiously courageous. "The lady doth protest too much, methinks." It reminded the reader of a small girl patting a large china dog, firmly convinced, of course, that the dog can neither bark nor bite, yet at heart cherishing a delicious feeling of danger braved —that ticklish sensation of adventure which both allures and repels. Present-day superstition, however, is by no means confined to the conjunction of certain dates and certain days. It is rampant wherever men hold to beliefs based neither upon recorded fact nor personal observation. Most of our international misunderstandings are the outcome of what may be classed as national superstitions. Whether we class these superstitions as such, however, depends very much upon the point of view. When a Chinese peasant declares that foreign doctors compound their medicines from the eyes of stolen children, we call him superstitious. But when, differing in degree rather than in kind, we declare that the English have no sense of humor and that the flower and consummation of that woeful want is "Punch," we make no such just classification of our belief. Rather we accept the statement as evidence, not of our own susceptibility to superstition, but as proof of our own innate superiority. The particular superstition to which we have referred would be at least forgivable had we ever produced a journal of equal merit to the publication we are so prone to condemn.

Landscape Architect for Central Park

There are few positions in the park systems of the country of greater importance than that of Landscape Architect of Central Park in New York. This is one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the older parks, and one of the best known in the country. Taking into account its size and beauty, it is unique in its situation, in the very heart of the city of New York, covering an area of land of enormous monetary value. Of late years the park has suffered from lack of intelligent and independent management. Mr. Carl F. Pilat, who has now been appointed Landscape Architect of the Park Department of New York, was chosen by the Park Board and indorsed for the position by the American Society of Landscape Architects. Mr. Pilat has heretofore been engaged chiefly in private work, but he has had exceptional opportunities of dealing with large estates. He is a graduate of Cornell University, where he specialized in horticulture and landscape architecture, and spent a year in travel and further study in Europe. Since his graduation he has been associated with landscape architects of distinction. One of the best known and most attractive of his creations on a small scale is the Orange Playground, which is a delight to the eye of many thousands, not only in that city, but to many passengers on the railway which passes it. It is a lovely background for youthful sport and mirth. Under the charter of the city of New York the Landscape Architect has the power to veto any project which does not meet with his approval; an authority which, in the opinion of political Commissioners, has always seemed in the last degree illogical, but which is of immense importance to the well-being of Central Park. Mr. Pilat is a young man who has shown admirable qualities of taste and skill. He seems well qualified by education and experience and inheritance for his new duties; and it is expected that he will use the larger opportunities now put in his hands for the further development of New York's beautiful playground.

A Ruler of the Sea

Luxury and safety are the best descriptive adjectives for the new ocean monster, the Imperator, of the Hamburg-American Line. One reads, on the one hand, of Roman baths, bunkless and remarkably large staterooms, all fitted with brass bedsteads, a suite for which $5,000 is charged for one voyage, a "winter garden," $50,000 worth of ship's linen, swimming-pools, half a dozen or so pianos, and all the ornate features of a splendid hotel. It is more satisfying, on the other hand, to know that the Imperator is believed to be the safest ship afloat and to find the claim sustained by such practical details as that she is double-hulled, with an inner steel skin so far removed from the outer that it would be impossible to puncture both, that she has thirty-six water compartments, that three wireless operators relieve one another, that she carries two good-sized motor boats and eighty-three lifeboats. There are indications here and elsewhere in the shipbuilding history of the past year that the tragedy of the Titanic has had its effect, and that more and more shipowners realize that intelligent travelers put safety first, comfort second, and speed third. The Imperator is 919 feet long and 98 feet of beam; is of 50,000 tons burden; has engines of over 60,000 horsepower; she has ten decks, and her bridge is ninety feet above the sea; she took three years to build; she can carry 5,000 people; her maiden voyage, ended last week, showed stability in a heavy sea, and her highest day's run was 556 miles. These facts and figures are those of a colossus of the sea, and they will remain the world's wonder until they are exceeded—as they will be before long—by a more gigantic vessel.

The Arlington Pageant

Pageantry is no longer novel in America; but what pageantry as a spontaneous expression of our National and local life might mean makes with each repetition of this art a new appeal. The Arlington Pageant, just celebrated, did just this. Arlington is a suburban community eight miles from Boston. It has preserved from its earlier days the characteristic individuality of a New England town. Situated on "the way to Lexington," Arlington has taken its brave part in the historic events of Colonial and Revolutionary days. The materials for pageantry were obvious, and the occasion came with the spontaneous desire of the town's residents to express in an adequate manner their appreciation of a noble gift, a new Town Hall. Mrs. Cyrus E. Dallin, the author of this "Pageant of History and Industry," wove out of civic pride and gratitude, generous giving, basic industry, and historic achievement, a story in action. The symbolic episodes of the pageant were based on the myth of Ceres and Proserpine, the incidents selected leading up to Ceres's charge to Triptolemus when she sends him forth to sow the seeds of civilization and to teach to man the mystery of the plow and the arts of peace. The historic episodes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that constituted the second part of the pageant were chosen to illustrate the transplanting and flowering of the Old World seed in the New. The spectators saw pass before them the coming of the Norsemen; Columbus planting the Cross of civilization; Cabot taking possession of Labrador; the landing of the Pilgrims. These scenes were given with careful attention to historical details. Mystic Lake was the great sea across whose waters approached the hardy voyagers. Indians watched anxiously from their hiding-places the coming of these strange people. The planting of Menotomy (the old name of Arlington) was introduced by the reproduction of the scene that took place when the Squaw Sachem transferred the land to a group of settlers. April 19, 1775, saw Arlington's closest contact with the Revolution. Paul Revere passed as once before giving the alarm, and again the old men of Menotomy, twelve "exempts," captured the British supply wagon, thus achieving "the honor of making the first capture of provisions and also of prisoners in the American Revolution." The episode that evoked Lafayette's visit to Arlington had an added interest from the presence of the identical coach which Governor Eustis lent to Lafayette for his use while traveling in Massachusetts. The cycle of Arlington's significant moments was ended by the presentation of a model of the new Town Hall, Mr. Winfield Robbins's gift. Then the pageanters, grouped about the incorporated town and the symbols of her civic and industrial life, led the audience in a hymn of thanksgiving and patriotism. Thus reality went hand in hand with symbolism, as they always should in such pageants.

The Christian World One Family

"This is an irreligious age," "This is a purely scientific age," "Christianity is on the wane." Sometimes one hears such expressions. People who talk thus should have been present at a conference just held at Lake Mohonk—the tenth Conference of the World's Student Christian Federation, of which the well-known religious worker, Dr. John R. Mott, is general secretary. As its name indicates, this is a federation of such student bodies as "The American and Canadian Student Christian Movement," "The Student Christian Movement of Great Britain and Ireland," "The German Christian Student Alliance," etc.; there are twelve of these associations, national and international. The result is that at Lake Mohonk there were delegates from such widely separated countries as Albania and Uruguay, Armenia and Japan, Belgium and Cuba, Egypt and Russia. These World Conferences are held every three years. The Conference three years ago was held in Turkey, the Conference three years before that in Japan, and the one three years before that in Holland. The thoroughness of the discussions at the Conferences is shown by the careful "layout" of the programmes of the sectional meetings; for example, take the meeting at Lake Mohonk on "The Social Problem." It was divided into two parts. First came its appeal to students who are to enter the ministry. The subjects brought to their particular attention were:

1. How best to press the social facts and their significance upon the attention of students with reference to enlisting men for the ministry?
2. Advantages of participation in social service during the student days as a means of influencing students to enter the ministry.
3. Books and pamphlets bearing on social problems which are most effective in influencing students to enter the ministry.

If thoroughness of discussion formed one feature of the Conference, another was found in the breadth and intensity of the atmosphere of real religion—an atmosphere which lifted the delegates far above any emphasis on denominational forms or beliefs. As one of the delegates said: "The Japanese question is uppermost in the newspapers. But no one talks politics with the Japanese delegates. And when a Chinaman offers prayer in Chinese, or a Russian in Russian, one is moved, although one does not understand a word." As to Russia, a result of this year's Conference has been to bring that country religiously before the world as never before—no longer a hide-bound, bigoted, religious power, as she is commonly supposed to be, but as an altruistic, elastic force in religion—and one does not naturally associate the element of elasticity with those who belong to the Greek Catholic Church. This was due in large measure to two of the Russian delegates, Baron Paul Nicolay, an authority on evangelistic work in Greek Catholic lands, and Madame Natalie Orgewsky, of the women's *foyer*, Kiev. Thus, with testimony from many far separated lands, it is beginning to be possible to realize that the Christian world is indeed becoming one family.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to Popularize Art

The fourth annual Convention, held in Washington, of the American Federation of Arts calls attention to what is being done in popularizing art. The Federation is made up of over eighty associations representing different phases of art. To show what these phases are, we name the member-associations in Massachusetts. They are:

The Boston Art Gallery.
The Boston Society of Architects.
The Boston Water Color Club.
The Copley Society of Boston.
The Metropolitan Improvement League of Boston.
The Boston Museum of Fine Arts.
The Boston Society of Arts and Crafts.
The Art Club of Fall River.
The Laurel Hill Association of Stockbridge.
The Free Public Library of New Bedford.
The Old Colony Union of Bourne.
The Society of Deerfield Industries.
The Dudley Handicrafters.
The Haverhill Society of Arts and Crafts.
The Hingham Society of Arts and Crafts.
The Melrose Society of Arts and Crafts.
The Norwell Society of Arts and Crafts.

One of the Federation's activities is to send traveling collections of works of art about the country. These collections comprise oil paintings, water-colors, bronzes, engravings, wood-block prints, arts-and-crafts objects, architectural designs, and many photographs. Last year the Federation sent out no less than twenty-two such collections and exhibited them in ninety-five places. The total attendance at these exhibitions in the small towns where they were shown is estimated at about two hundred and fifty thousand persons. The Federation has also sent out for circulation seven lectures on various phases of art, and these have repeatedly been given in places where authoritative lecturers could not be secured. A feature of the Convention at Washington was a discussion of the possibilities of our small art museums. Mr. Kent, the assistant secretary of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, described the part which small museums have played in the development of European countries, and indicated how they may be encouraged here. Mrs. Stevens, assistant director of the Toledo Museum of Art, appropriately took that museum as a type of progress, not so much because of its equipment as because it has sought to become a force in the community by following the trend and adapting itself to the needs of that community, rather than by seeking to make the community adapt itself to the museum. Another speaker on this topic was Professor Mather, of the Art Department of Princeton University, who disclosed the difficulties which any professor of art meets in the distribution of collections where they bear little relation to the needs either of the museum or of the community.

Exploring the Far North

Vilhjalmar Stefansson, whose discoveries of the so-called blond Eskimos last year called out such interest and discussion among ethnologists, will head an expedition which sailed last week for the Far North from Victoria in British Columbia. Dr. Stefansson will join the party at Nome, Alaska. It is proposed to make thorough explorations and observations in regions of the North heretofore unknown; and especially to survey possible trade routes, to find if a polar continent exists, to map out islands east of the Mackenzie River, and to study the blond Eskimos further. Three years will be spent in the North. We have been interested in the remarks made by Dr. Stefansson before he started on this long journey as to the relation between the Eskimos and the missionaries. He found, on his fourteen months' journey of 1910, that many of the natives were falling victims to tuberculosis, and that some of the missionaries were fighting the disease and others not. As his comments upon this called out a protest against the grant of money by the Canadian Government to "an enemy of the missionaries," Mr. Stefansson has taken pains to make it clear that he is distinctly in favor of missions, but believes that they should be organized intelligently like an army. He quotes, as an example of what should be done, one missionary at Slave Lake, who, having found a family afflicted by tuberculosis and trying to live in white man's fashion, drove them out of their house bodily, in spite of threats to kill him, forced them to go out into the woods and live all winter in a wigwam, and in the end brought them into a state of perfect health. This was drastic medical practice, but it was also common sense. Mr. Stefansson says that the Eskimos never get scurvy except when they work for white men; that Eskimo fur clothes are far more durable than those made in Norway. His plan of living is to eat and dress and hunt as the Eskimos do, for he believes that in the Far North a white man can live where an Eskimo can, so that his recommendation for such expedition is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"the antithesis of the pemmican method;" he means to live off the country unhampered by heavy loads; former experience seems to show this, for, though he was warned that he would starve to death, he journeyed over unknown country for more than a year with only a rifle to provide his living.

Dr. Slocum and Colorado College

The Outlook commented last week on the educational growth of the Central and Far West. Perhaps no more obvious measure of that growth can be found than in the record of Colorado College during the twenty-five years of Dr. William F. Slocum's presidency. This event was celebrated with great enthusiasm and in many interesting ways two weeks ago. Never has the record of a man's work been more distinct than in the changes on the campus of Colorado College during the last quarter of a century. The campus itself is one of the most beautiful in the world, lying as it does in the heart of a very beautiful town and with Pike's Peak as a background. When President Slocum went to the College in 1888, it had no endowment; now it has an endowment of $1,044,000. Then it had one building; now it has twelve buildings of the most substantial character. Then it had four departments; now it has twenty-seven. Then it was doing its work with two laboratories; now it does its work in twenty-one laboratories. Then its assets barely equaled $25,000; now its assets exceed $1,800,000. It was then without a library; now it has a collection of 150,000 volumes and pamphlets. Then it had thirty students; now it has six hundred and eighty-seven. Then it was a college with a promising future dependent on faith, intelligence, and hard work; now it is a thoroughly equipped institution of high rank, which is doing admirable work, not only for Colorado, but for the whole section. Three very interesting features of the commemoration were the presentation of a portrait of President Slocum by Mr. John W. Alexander, the laying of the corner-stone of a memorial gymnasium, and the completion of the subscription to the endowment fund of one million dollars. The growth of Colorado College is an achievement which has not been accomplished without steadfast devotion, self-denial, unshaken faith, and the most strenuous and arduous work; and the man who has made all this possible has rendered his State a great and lasting service.

NEW SIGNS OF NEW NATIONALISM

Never in the history of the country has it been more apparent than now that the most important problems with which the American people have to deal are National problems to be dealt with in a National way. This fact received fresh emphasis from two quarters last week—from the United States Supreme Court and from the Democratic Administration.

The decisions by which the Supreme Court emphasized this fact were supplementary to the Minnesota Railway Rate decision. By the Minnesota decision the Court said the State could act in matters affecting inter-State commerce if the Nation had not acted, but that at any time the action of the State could be superseded by the action of the Nation. Last week's decisions, which dealt with the question of what constituted confiscation in rate regulation, made it perfectly clear that if any uniformity is to be assured with regard to railway rates it must be provided by the National Congress. The Minnesota decision revealed the latent power of the Nation; the later decisions now show that that power must inevitably be exercised.

This spirit of New Nationalism is finding expression not only in the Supreme Court but in Congress and in the Administration. It is generally understood that the creation by the new Currency Bill (discussed elsewhere in this issue) of a Federal Reserve Board, which shall supervise not merely the issuance of currency but the rate of discount in commercial transactions with the banks, is the result of President Wilson's insistence upon the desirability of a fuller recognition of of National control in our banking system than previous laws have provided.

To the readers of The Outlook these signs of National development will come with no surprise. Several years ago, in recognizing the tendency toward a keener sense of National unity and toward a more unified National action, The Outlook, for lack of a better term, called it the New Federalism. Later, Mr. Roosevelt, the first public man of the generation to formulate this tendency into a policy, gave it the better name of the New Nationalism. It was he who, in his speech at Syracuse almost three years ago, recognized "the great need of having the spheres of activity of the National and State Governments extended to cover the whole

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

field of our life that can properly be touched by legislation at all, so that there shall not be left a debatable land in which neither Nation nor State has real power." And in recognizing this need he expressed his belief that the betterment must be accomplished "mainly through the National Government." We quote the following passage from his speech at Osawatomie in 1910:

> The New Nationalism puts the National need before sectional or personal advantage. It is impatient of the utter confusion that results from local legislatures attempting to treat National issues as local issues. It is still more impatient of the impotence which springs from over-division of governmental powers, the impotence which makes it possible for local selfishness or for legal cunning, hired by wealthy special interests, to bring National activities to a deadlock.

That this spirit, tendency, policy—call it what you will—of the New Nationalism is not partisan is proved by these recent decisions of the Supreme Court and by the action of the Administration of President Wilson.

GET BUSY

At the first Arbitration Conference at Lake Mohonk, Edward Everett Hale pointed out the difference between arbitration and judicial procedure, and urged the creation of a Supreme Court of the Nations to which they should refer their differences as the States of this Union refer their differences to the Supreme Court of the United States. At that or the succeeding session, Mr. Austin Abbott, then Dean of the New York University Law School, advocated this ideal, but prophesied that the chief obstacle to its realization would come from the United States Senate. International differences, he said, are now left to the President and the Senate to adjust. The creation of a Supreme Court of the Nations, to which national differences shall be left to be adjudicated as a matter of course, will take one of its prerogatives from the Senate; and no legislative body was ever yet known to relinquish willingly a prerogative.

This prophecy has been fulfilled. General arbitration treaties have had a hard time getting through the Senate. In their present form they are little more than the expression of a National purpose to submit to arbitration such differences, with some vaguely defined exceptions. Treaties agreeing to submit designated differences to arbitration, and leaving the President to refer them to The Hague as a matter of course, the Senate refused to pass.

It ought not, therefore, to surprise the friends of international peace that Senators are reluctant to renew the general arbitration treaties now expiring by their own limitation.

The excuse offered by the press is that we do not wish to arbitrate the Panama tolls question. The excuse is not logical. The Panama tolls question arose, and the request by Great Britain to refer it to arbitration was made, when we had a general arbitration treaty with Great Britain. If it was arbitrable under that treaty when it arose and when the request was made, it is arbitrable now. Our obligation to fulfill a promise in the past is not annulled because we do not renew the promise for the future. But any reason will serve for an excuse to one who is looking for an excuse.

The real reason why Senators hold up these general arbitration treaties lies much deeper. It is the reason stated by Mr. Austin Abbott prophetically over fifteen years ago. They are unwilling to relinquish a Senatorial prerogative. They do not believe in general arbitration treaties. They have no fondness for the idea of a Supreme Court of the Nations to which each international question shall be referred as it arises. They prefer themselves to settle each question as it arises.

It may be taken for granted that no action which looks toward the establishment of a Supreme Court of the Nations will be taken by the Senate unless it is compelled to act by the command of the people. Happily the people can now give such command. For the Senators are henceforth to be elected by the people; and it is therefore possible for the people to give each Senator notice that if he thwarts just and reasonable progress toward international peace he thereby imperils his re-election.

Despite some impracticable idealists who have brought disrespect on the cause of peace by their impossible demands, there is in America a deep and deepening desire to make this country a leader in this great movement to substitute the appeal to reason for the appeal to force. This mute desire needs a voice. This is the time for all Peace, Conciliation, and Arbitration Societies to get busy; a time for them to relegate doubtful disputations to the background and unite their forces in strong and simultaneous endeavor to arouse and express public opinion in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

favor of two immediate acts by the Senate—the reference of the Canal tolls question to arbitration, and the renewal of the expiring treaties of arbitration; a time for sermons, addresses, lectures, editorials, meetings, letters, all concentrated on this one object.

The keynote for such a campaign is furnished by the two following sentences from the Richmond "Virginian:"

If those treaties be defeated in the Senate, the Senate accomplishing their defeat will have done that which the passage of the best tariff bill of the post-bellum period of our history and the enactment of epoch-making currency legislation cannot altogether wipe out. It will have made necessary greater expenditures for armaments than even our least conservative advocates of a bigger navy and a larger army now demand.

This summer should show whether impracticable visionaries or practicable statesmen control the Peace Societies.

LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

Thirty years ago, in the mountains of the South, a boy of thirteen, I was converted in a wild and terrible orgy of ignorant Methodists. To-day I am the much-respected pastor of a very intelligent Congregational church, at $1,400 per year. This thirty-year period has been one of self-education. Never a dollar of help from any source. I would not and did not attend any theological school of any kind, fearing the artificial ecclesiasticism of them all. I have grown wild and unkempt perhaps, but at least I have preserved my naturalness. Perhaps you would not call my little learning even the rudiments of an education. But I have one advantage over the bricks the seminaries turn out. I am natural. And my outer shape is the same shape as my inner soul. I want to be a religious democrat and I want to make others so. Please tell me how. What ought I to read? What ought I to preach? Where ought I to go? What ought I to do? My soul dare not stop growing. I must stretch my wings to their length. My mind must be free. Please advise me.

UNKNOWN FRIEND.

I can best answer your first question by a chapter out of my own experience.

I graduated from college, went into the law, later decided to go into the ministry, and took up my new vocation without passing through the theological seminary. I was called to Terre Haute, Indiana. Taking counsel of some wise ministers, I decided that Alford's Greek Testament was the best commentary on the New Testament. I still think it the best. I prefer it to either the International or Meyer's, or any other with which I am acquainted. I put the little money I had into the purchase of that rather expensive work and a Greek lexicon and Greek grammar of the New Testament. At Terre Haute practically my whole library stood on my library desk before me. I organized at once a Bible class of men to meet me on week evenings. The class included a hyper-Calvinist at the one extreme and at the other a man who had received his religious education from Theodore Parker and Dr. Furniss in Philadelphia, and who had in his library all the then published works of Theodore Parker. The Bible class was open for the freest possible discussion. With these wide varieties of belief ecclesiastical authority was valueless. In order to guide this class to rational conclusions I had myself to study the Four Gospels vigorously week by week. I put my chief study into the life of Christ, and let my sermons grow naturally and spontaneously out of that study and out of my pastoral calling. From that day to this I have been a man of one book and the follower of one Leader. I believe that in the teachings of Jesus Christ, properly understood and rationally applied, is to be found a clue to the solution of all our moral and spiritual problems, both personal and social. Whatever success I have had, either in the pulpit or in the editorial chair, has been due to my study of the Gospels and my endeavor to apply to the problems of our modern life the principles and spirit inculcated by Jesus Christ. To illustrate:

Christ's law of business: "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over, shall be given into your bosom." The object of the successful business man is to give, not the least possible but the greatest possible measure consistent with maintaining a self-supporting business.

Christ's law of government: "Ye know that the rulers of the Gentiles lord it over them, and their great ones exercise authority over them. Not so shall it be among you; but whosoever shall become great among you shall be your minister, and whosoever shall be first among you shall be your servant." Not the many shall be ruled by the few, but the few shall be ruled by the many—Democracy.

Christ's law for the treatment of personal enemies: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." Conquer those

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that wrong you, by love and service, not by wrath and injury.

Christ's law for the treatment of sinners: "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." Sin is a disease to be cured, rather than a crime to be punished—which is now the recognized doctrine of modern penology.

Christ's prescription for securing happiness: The Beatitudes. Happiness depends on character, not on condition; on what we are, not on what we have.

Christ's prescription for attaining fellowship with God: "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him; and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." Practical obedience to God *in* the world, not retirement *from* the world in order to seek God.

The object of the Christian minister's study should be twofold. The books which he should mainly study are of two kinds.

He should study those books which will teach him what the men of his time are thinking about and how the men of his time are living. Too much of the minister's time has been spent in studying what men used to think about and how they used to live in times past. Horace Bushnell once said, "All theological seminaries are behind the age, but the —— theological seminary is behind all the ages." My father once said to me, "The theological seminaries are studying what three hundred years ago the seminaries thought men were interested in three hundred years before that." Probably neither of these statements is true now.

This study should be a sympathetic, not a critical, study. The minister should endeavor to understand what the evolutionist means by evolution, what the Socialist means by Socialism, what the individualist means by individualism. He should endeavor to put himself in the other man's place and to have the other man's thoughts, in order that he may know how to address himself to the other man's thinking. Similarly, he should endeavor to understand how men are living, what are the motives which are controlling the men and women of his congregation in their social, business, and political life.

For this purpose he should study not merely, not mainly, books of philosophy. He should study current history, current biography, modern novels, and to some extent the monthly periodical and the daily press; but he should study them, not primarily to get ideas to give to his congregation, but primarily to acquaint himself with the ideas which his congregation already possess.

The other kind of literature which he should study is that which will give him ideals of truth and life which he may present to his congregation. The book which above all others will give him such ideals of truth and life is the Bible, and in the Bible pre-eminently the Four Gospels. He should study the Old Testament, not primarily for ideals, but primarily to enable him to understand the ethical and spiritual assumptions on which Christ based his teaching, and so get a better understanding of that teaching; and he should study the Epistles, not primarily for the ideals they furnish, but primarily because they interpret to him the ideals of Jesus Christ as they were understood, interpreted, and applied by his immediate followers in the first century. And he may well add the study of modern thinkers—of men such as Bergson, Eucken, James, Royce—because in them he will find, not direct comment upon or interpretation of the teachings of Jesus Christ, but the influence of that teaching, as seen in the great thinkers of his own epoch, and the application of that teaching to the thought and life of the twentieth century.

Your other questions I leave for a second letter.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

WRITER AND GENTLEMAN

Was it not Schiller who said that talent must justify itself by its works, but genius needs no justification in achievement; its presence in the world discharges its obligations to the world? It was said of Lowell that it was an education to see him walking across the college yard, and that his presence in Cambridge enriched the life of the place. On a memorable occasion he declared that a college should teach nothing that was useful; nothing, in a word, that could be turned to immediate practical ends. It was a happy way of saying that a man has a soul to save as well as a livelihood to earn, and that there is a wide margin around the text of work in the book of life. Mr. Gradgrind was of opinion that nothing is worth while but facts, and that Coketown was the highest reach of civilization. Under this system of education, rigidly applied, a boy becomes exact, industrious, capable; but he carries no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

atmosphere, kindles no imagination, makes life neither intelligible nor sweet.

No one who knew Thomas A. Janvier, who died last week, ever left him without thinking better of his kind. It was not so much what he said, though his talk had picturesqueness and humor; it was the atmosphere of his mind, the charm of his manner. There are many people who are eminently efficient and useful but who are not quite civilized. Janvier was pre-eminently civilized. His courtesy was the expression of a man who has discovered that the highest form of art is human intercourse, and he had become a master of the art which aims, not to please, as those who neither practice nor understand it think, but to ease the weight of living, to make the path pleasant, to subdue harsh outlines by perspective, and to give the struggle for existence a touch of urbanity. It is idle to analyze the individual quality of a man like Janvier, to define the attraction which draws men to him. It is as impossible to define a gentleman as to define honor, which is his prime characteristic; perhaps a witty woman made the nearest approach to it when she said that it could never be said of honor that it is the best policy. Policy and honor have nothing in common. The sturdy brothers of Maggie in Mr. Barrie's delightful play can make nothing of charm; it is elusive, unsubstantial, incalculable, and yet it has a centripetal power which the most hard-headed cannot escape.

Mr. Janvier's charm had its source partly in his temperament, partly in his kindly nature, partly in the atmosphere of his mind. So quick was his response to his environment, so sympathetic his attitude towards people and things, that he would have been an impressionist of an extreme type if he had not been saved by his humor and by a certain clear-cut individuality. He was born to be a lover of old and quaint things, of peoples who cling to ancient customs, of landscapes and habits of life saturated with local color, so to speak. He was born in Philadelphia; but before he died he had traveled far afield; and Mexico, the Midi, England, parts of the Continent, localities in New York City, had successfully appealed to his affections and received at his hands fresh and delightful portraiture. It is almost thirty years since he wrote "The Aztec Treasure-House" and "Stories of Old Spain," in which the Mexico of that day appears unblurred by the disturbing influence of later times. He was born to be a member of the brotherhood of the Félibres. There was a strong dash of French sentiment and feeling in him. Mistral and the Provençal poets opened their hearts to him, and no one has written of them with a warmer appreciation of their qualities. A few years ago, when the interest in "Cyrano de Bergerac" was at its height, a group of men and women, distinguished as artists, actors, sculptors, and singers, natives of the South of France, who resided in Paris, organized a picnic into the heart of the Midi, and Mr. Janvier was one of the company. His account of that excursion, of the receptions which the boat-load of brilliant people met as they went down the river, of the dedications of statues and busts all the way from Paris, of the bottles of wine let down from the bridges by wires when they were unable to stop, and of the final separation at midnight in the courtyard of a castle under the full moon, Mme. Calvé singing the good-by song, will never be forgotten by any one who was fortunate enough to hear it. It was a study of the Southern temperament as brilliant in its way as Daudet's "Numa Roumestan." "The Christmas Kalends of Provence," which found its way into the hands of many readers two years ago, had a delightful freshness and picturesqueness.

Mr. Janvier spent the later years of his life in New York City. Washington Square, long ago a kind of Bohemia, with the atmosphere of France in some of the streets which led into it from the south and which inspired Mr. Bunner's "The Midge," early attracted his attention, or rather evoked his affection. Of late years he made a study of the Dutch period in New York; and Greenwich Village was the background of some of his most charming later sketches. His stories had the same quality, mixed with humor. To those who knew Mr. Janvier, however deeply they enjoyed the work of his pen, his personality was always greater than his work. Some one has said of him that he was always instinctively and primarily the gentleman, than which perhaps no phrase may be more coveted. It was not because he deferred to the conventions, but because his nature was radiated by so much sympathy, he was so accessible and considerate, he had such a delightful talent for putting himself in your place, that Thomas A. Janvier will be remembered as one of those who make the way of life a pleasant place to walk in.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TURN O' THE TIDE

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

The tide flows in to the harbor—
  The bold tide, the gold tide, the flood of the
    sunlit sea—
And the little ships riding at anchor
  Are swinging and slanting their prows to the
    ocean, panting
  To lift their wings to the wild wide air
  And venture a voyage they know not where—
  To fly away and be free!

The tide runs out of the harbor—
  The slow tide, the low tide, the ebb of the
    moonlit bay—
And the little ships rocking at anchor
  Are rounding and turning their bows to the
    landward, yearning
  To breathe the breath of the warm sweet strand
  And rest in the sight of the high hill land—
  To hold their haven and stay!

My heart goes round with the vessels—
  My wild heart, my child heart, in love with the
    sea and land—
And the turn o' the tide passes through it,
  In rising and falling with mystical currents, calling
  At morn to range where the far waves foam,
  At night to a harbor in love's true home,
  With the hearts that understand!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TICKER AND THE TAPE

"The great ticker service . . . records in brokers' offices and banks all over the country each sale of stock as it is completed on the New York Stock Exchange"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GAMBLING JOINT
OR
MARKET PLACE?

AN INQUIRY INTO THE WORKINGS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

BY HAROLD J. HOWLAND

"LIFE" published the other day a cartoon with a significant title. It showed the Broad Street front of the New York Stock Exchange. In the street stood a patrol wagon. From the entrance of the building to the wagon stretched a line of respectable and prosperous-looking men. Overseeing their journey from Stock Exchange to patrol wagon were policemen with drawn night-sticks. The title of the picture was "Raiding a Gambling Joint."

The significance of this cartoon lay not so much in the truth of what it intimated, about which there are at least two widely divergent opinions, as in its timeliness. It is popular in these days of "money trust" accusations and investigations to vilify the Stock Exchange, to call it a gambling joint, to denounce its members as oppressors of the poor and devourers of widows' houses.

Is it true? Is the Stock Exchange, as has been said even by a prominent writer on economics, a "gambling hell"? Is it an institution which perhaps we ought to suppress? Of course it ought to be suppressed if it is primarily a gambling joint, just as we have suppressed the Louisiana lottery and, at least partially, race-track gambling, and as we ought to suppress bucket shops, pool-rooms, poker joints, and the little Monte Carlos that an indulgent Police System has allowed to flourish in other parts of the city.

Let us look at these questions in the light of what the Stock Exchange really is and does. Let us approach the subject with an open mind and an inquiring eye and see what light an examination of the facts throws upon the duty of the Stock Exchange to the public and of the public in relation to the Stock Exchange. Heat is an admirable thing in its place, but it never yet has been made to do the work of light.

Before we look at the Stock Exchange in operation, let me set down certain theses which I believe an examination of the facts will support. I will present them in the popular rather than the logical order. They are these:

1. Many of the operations on the Stock Exchange are virtually gambling.

2. Many individuals lose money on the Stock Exchange who can ill afford to lose it.

3. The free opportunity provided by the Stock Exchange for speculation makes it easy for many men with inadequate knowledge and insufficient resources to indulge in speculation.

4. The facilities of the Stock Exchange are used at times by experienced and unscrupulous men and groups of men, many of whom, however, are not members of the Exchange, to take advantage of inexperienced outsiders.

5. Nevertheless, the Stock Exchange has a very real reason for being.

6. The function which it primarily performs is a legitimate, a useful, and indeed an indispensable one to modern business and industry.

7. Neither speculation, trading on margin, nor short selling, when kept in its proper place and not abused, is contrary to good law, good economics, or good morals.

8. But all of these three are at times used in ways that, if not illegal, are certainly uneconomic and immoral.

9. Finally, the problem which in this day we must face in relation to the Stock Exchange, and which the Stock Exchange must face for itself, is, How to preserve and develop its normal and indispensable function while curbing and eliminating to the greatest extent possible the misuse of its facilities.

With these theses in mind let us go down to Wall Street and see what we find there.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOARD ROOM

It is a quarter before ten on a morning in May in the year of grace nineteen hundred thirteen. We are standing at the railing of the narrow gallery that runs along one side of a great room.

A clever painter has recently given expression, through an exhibition of his work in a New York gallery, to the idea that rooms, even when they are entirely free of people, have personalities of their own. The room we are in is an admirable illustration of his idea. Even in its proportions it is unlike other rooms. To the eye it is a vast hollow cube a hundred feet in length and breadth and height. As a matter of fact, the eye is not an accurate guide, for no two of the room's dimensions are the same; but the impression remains, differentiating this from other rooms—a great hollow cube.

Two walls, the east and the west, are all windows. The other two bear in their middle sections what look like great blackboards divided into a thousand little squares. The narrow gallery we are in runs along the east wall. Its windows look out across Broad Street at its intersection with Wall Street to the United States Sub-Treasury and the long-famous building with the chiseled name over the door, J. P. Morgan & Company. With the death of the great financial leader only two months past, the building from which his influence went out over the whole financial world is already melting away under the eager hands of the house-wreckers.

In the middle of the north wall is a tiny balcony. There stands the venerable chairman, a black skull-cap on his white head, in his hand the gavel which will in a moment give the signal for the opening of a new day.

THE FLOOR

So much for the walls of the great room, the board room of the New York Stock Exchange. But the floor's the thing. It is "on the Floor" that things happen, that fortunes are lost and made, that the business of buying and selling the stocks and bonds of a Nation's industries is carried on, that the financial pulse of a Nation's prosperity beats and throbs.

Spaced at regular intervals over the Floor are sixteen "posts." Each "post" is a kind of standard, having a large number at the top, a bulletin-board with eight faces around it just below, and a cushioned seat around it at the bottom. Each post is the headquarters for certain stocks, and each of them takes its familiar name from the most prominent stock traded in about it. A few of the posts have two or three nicknames interchangeable at the whim of the moment.

Number One is the Steel post; two, the Great Northern Preferred or Consolidated Gas post; three, the Pennsylvania post; four, the Sugar or Money post; five, the Atchison or Missouri Pacific, or, in the shorthand vernacular of the Floor, the Atch. or Mop. post. Six is known either as the New York Central, the Northwestern, or the Can. post. Seven takes its name from Baltimore and Ohio. Eight is known as Katy (which, being interpreted, means Missouri, Kansas, and Texas). Nine is the Union (Union Pacific) post, ten the General Electric, and eleven the Reading post. Twelve is interchangeably Smelters (American Smelting and Refining Company) and Copper (Amalgamated Copper). Thirteen is Southern Pacific, fourteen Chesapeake and Canadian Pacific, fifteen Petroleum (so called from California Petroleum and Mexican Petroleum), and sixteen B. R. T. (otherwise Brooklyn Rapid Transit) and Lehigh Valley.

Each post, therefore, has its sobriquet. At each post a certain list of stocks is traded in, varying from half a dozen to nearly two-score in number. At the Steel post, Number One, for instance, will be found: United States Steel, common and preferred, known to the world of Wall Street as "Steel;" Chicago, Minneapolis, and St. Paul, common and preferred, known as "St. Paul;" Utah Copper; Louisville and Nashville; Atlantic Coast Line.

At the Katy post, Number Eight, will be found thirty-nine stocks, including such prominent ones as Bethlehem Steel, National Biscuit Company, and International Harvester Company, and such unfamiliar ones to the uninitiated as Weyman-Bruton Company, Quicksilver Mining and Assets Realization Company.

No. 4 is also known as the Money post, for there the representatives of the banks are found by brokers who have bought stocks and must make the necessary loans to "carry" them.

Along the west wall of the Floor are batteries of telephone instruments ranged in alcoves that look not unlike the coat-racks in a hotel or club coat-room. Each member has a telephone connecting with his office and a clerk in constant attendance on it,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

though two members may sometimes share a clerk for purposes of economy.

HOW THE BROKER IS TIED TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD

Now we discover the purpose of the big blackboards on the walls. All through the day we will see the little squares up there winking and blinking their summons to the different members on the Floor to come to their telephones. As we watch the board, suddenly one of the squares splits in two, the upper half drops over with a kind of a comic flop, and instead of a little black square we see a number—" 450 "—in white on a black background. Member Number 450 is wanted at the telephone. The pattern made by the white figures on the blackboard is constantly changing. Now, one after another, at regular intervals, half a dozen numbers appear spotted over the board. For every recurring number some man on the Floor has started toward his telephone. Then three or four drop with a simultaneous flop, galvanizing into simultaneous motion across the Floor three or four other members. Meanwhile half a score of others have popped back into the uniform black expanse, and the imagination can picture half a score of members reaching their telephones and receiving messages from their clerks or taking up the receivers to talk with office partners or inquiring customers. Just to watch the shifting patterns on the board is fascinating. To consider their significance is no less so. Here is a twentieth-century messenger service, substituting for the lagging foot of the uniformed page the instantaneous action of electricity and light.

It is fascinating to watch it; it is even more fascinating to consider its symbolism. The hundreds of brokers on the Floor are not isolated individuals, each man playing " off his own bat." The Floor is not a place shut off from the rest of the world where a group of privileged individuals, freed from responsibility except to their own interests and desires, juggle and manipulate the security values of a Nation's industry and commerce. It is not the brokers who buy and sell on the Stock Exchange; it is the people, the country, one might almost say, the world. The broker on the Floor is tied by a telephone wire to his office. His office, in turn, is tied by telegraph lines, by telephone wires, by cables, by the mails, to customers, plain citizens " even as you and I," dwelling from Dan to Beersheba, from the Narrows to the Golden Gate, from the Soo to the delta of the Mississippi.

GAMBLING JOINT OR MARKET PLACE?

" Life " has tried to work out from the manifestations of the popular temper in these days of Wall Street-phobia a definition of the Stock Exchange—" a gambling joint."

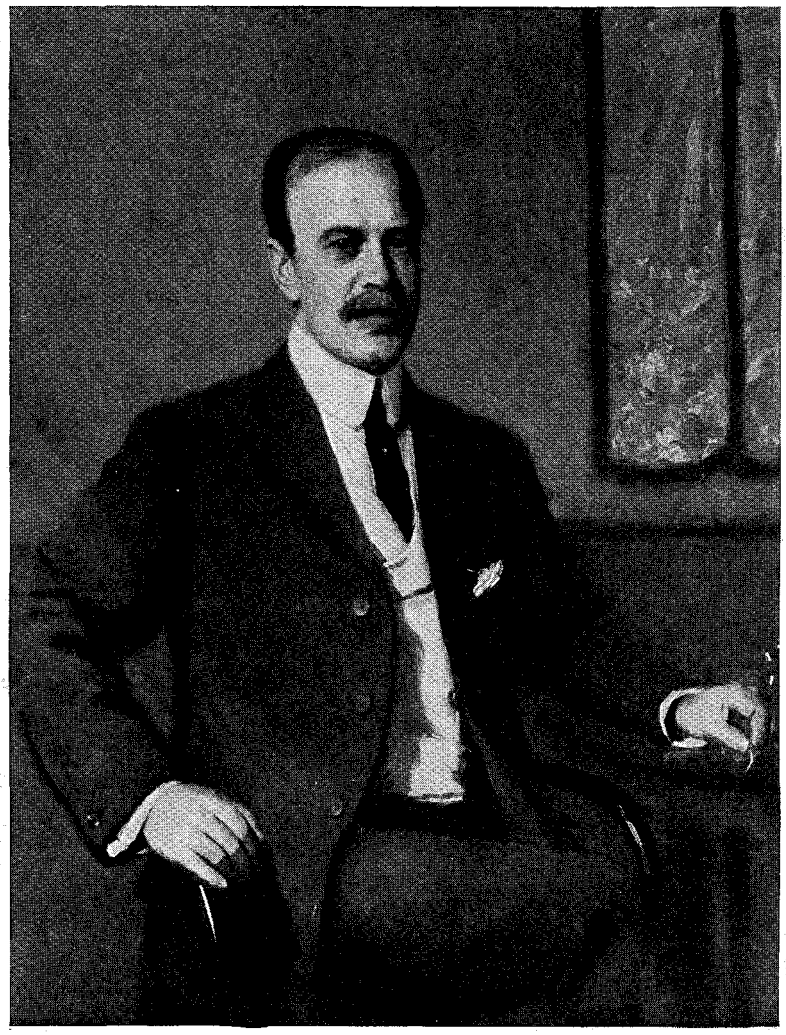
Let us, writer and readers together, try to work a definition out of the thoughts suggested by the blinking numbers on the wall—" a public market place where the people of a great Nation buy and sell stocks and bonds through brokers who are members of the Exchange."

Of course there is a class of members who have no outside connections with the public, who do " play off their own bat." But they are a minority, and their activities are supplemental and not antagonistic to the work of the commission brokers whose clients are the public.

Of course, also, the movements of prices on the Exchange are not always the unassisted result of the law of supply and demand. Big operators and groups of operators can and do at times raise and lower prices in ways that may be called artificial and for ulterior purposes. Pools are created from time to time to put prices up or to hammer them down. Among the methods which have been used in the past for bringing about such results is manipulation—creating artificial prices through " wash sales " and " matched orders," fictitious transactions in which no stocks actually change ownership. Whether this manipulation still continues and to what extent is a debated question. Such writers on the subject as Mr. Lawson would give us to believe that manipulation is " as easy as lying " and far more usual. Prominent members of the Exchange say that manipulation is no longer possible, that under the new rules of the Exchange and their rigid enforcement, and under the new laws of the State making fictitious transactions or " wash sales " a felony, " no man would dare to try it." Whether manipulation through fictitious sales is still possible and still practiced or not, the Governors of the Exchange are making determined efforts to render it impossible.

But the exceptions merely bring the truth of the rule into greater prominence. The members of the Stock Exchange, broadly speaking, buy and sell *for the public.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



JAMES B. MABON
The President of the New York Stock Exchange
From a painting by S. Seymour Thomas

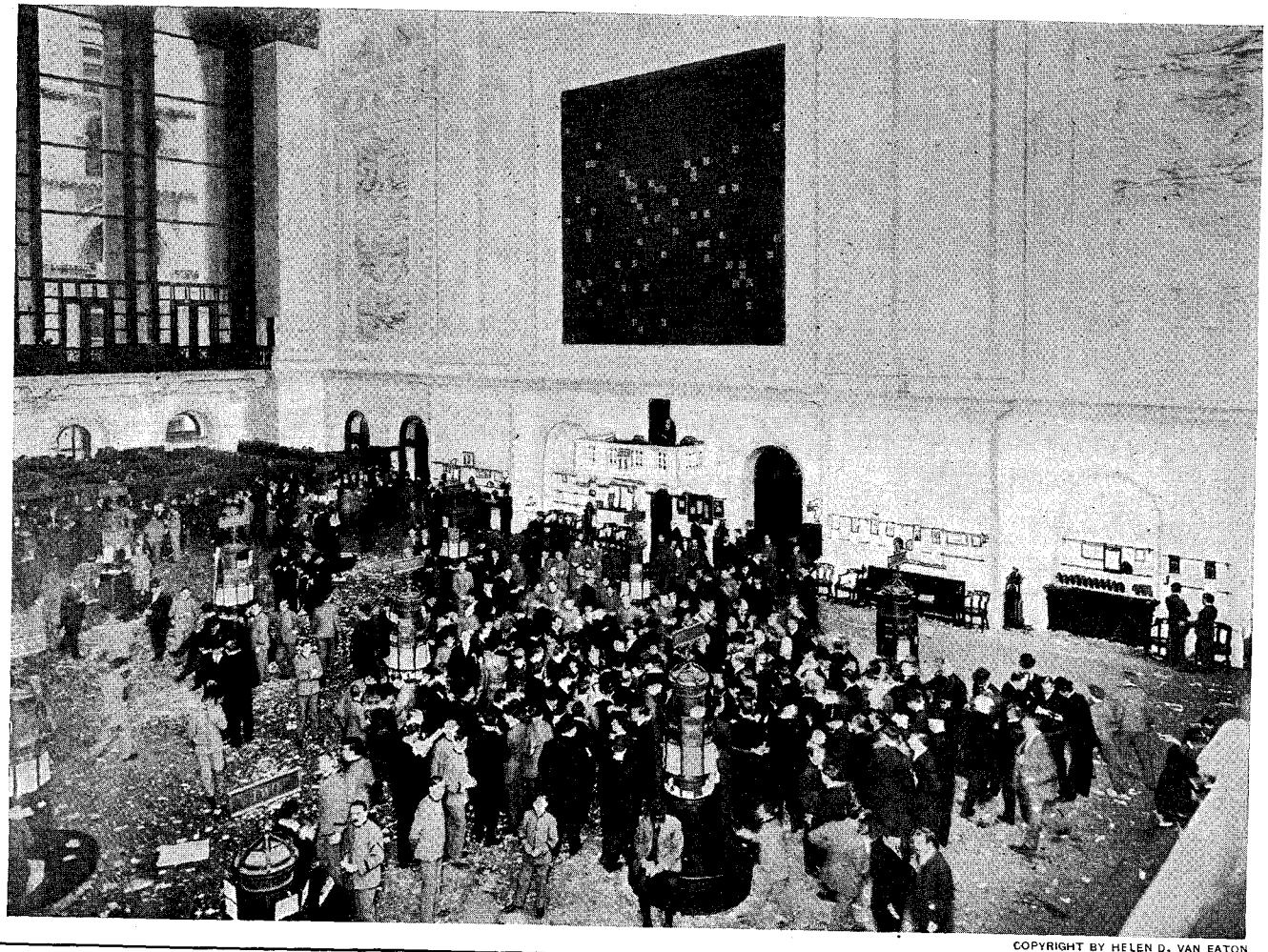
THE TICKER SERVICE

We have kept the chairman's gavel in mid-air for some time, but we must stretch that quarter of an hour a little more while we consider one more feature of the Floor. In among the posts are four "pedestals," each bearing the regulation "ticker" and a telegraph key. These are the sending stations of the great ticker service that records in brokers' offices and banks all over the country each sale of stock as it is completed on the New York Stock Exchange. When the Exchange has opened, we shall see scattered about the floor uniformed attendants, each wearing on his cap a broad gold band and a plate with the word "REPORTER" on it. At intervals, more or less frequent as business waxes and wanes, the reporters converge upon the pedestals and hand to one of their number at the telegraph key slips on which they have hurriedly penciled the particulars of sales which they have just heard made in the crowds about the different posts. Briskly the reports they bring in are "pounded out" by the man at the key, and back they dart to eavesdrop again. In two rooms on the top floor of the building is to be found the next stage in the ticker service. One is occupied by the New York Quotation Company, which is controlled by the Stock Exchange, the other by the Gold and Stock Quotation Company, a subsidiary of the Western Union. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FLOOR

The Floor of the New York Stock Exchange just after the close, showing the "Loan Crowd" grouped near the Money Post. The members in the crowd are engaged in borrowing stocks with which to make delivery on short sales and in lending stocks to other members for this purpose. A loan of stocks has many of the characteristics of a sale. The security which is put up to guarantee the loan is the full market price of the stock. The loan is cleared through the Clearing-House in the same way that a sale is. It differs from a sale, however, in that the stock must be returned on demand and that the borrower can return the stock at will. This method of borrowing stocks makes it possible for the short seller to live up to the rule of the Exchange that all stock sold must be delivered the next day. It is a good thing for the owner of the stock to lend it instead of using it as security for a loan at a bank. From the borrower of the stock he obtains its full value, from the bank he would obtain only eighty per cent of the value.



COPYRIGHT BY HELEN D. VAN EATON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

first supplies the reports of the transactions on the Floor to the offices of members of the Exchange below Chambers Street; the second to all the other tickers in New York and in fifty cities throughout the country.

In each room sit two groups of men, one active, the other in reserve. There are five men to a team. One sits before a round disc studded with red and white push-buttons lettered and numbered like the keys of a typewriter. The other four sit around him, each with one ear close to a telegraph sounder in its wooden box. The wires to each sounder are the wires coming from one of the four pedestals downstairs. As first one then another of the instruments chatters out a metallic message of some sale on the Floor, the central operator's hands with their long, facile fingers spell out the message again on the buttons before him. He has taken the message "by ear," as he regularly does in dull times when selling is slow and only one sounder speaks at a time. But the listening operator whose instrument has spoken also writes the particulars of the sale on a slip of paper and sets it before his partner. In quiet times this is only necessary in order to help the sending operator in checking his work. On busy days, however, it saves him from the impossible task of listening to four instruments at once and disentangling their dots and dashes.

As he spells out each sale on the red and white buttons the ticker on the table before him prints on the tape the record U S 57⅞ U 145⅝ K 500.20 Pa 108 B O 200.97 K 20 R 16⅝ U 145¾ M P 31¼. As we watch the record grow on the marching tape we know that on just such a tape at precisely the same instant in 500 offices precisely the same record is being printed. In the next room the same process is sending the same word to probably ten thousand offices and banks in fifty cities and towns of the country.

DOING BUSINESS IN THE OPEN

Like the winking blackboards on the walls downstairs, these rooms, with their staccato sounders and the nimble fingers of the operators playing on their parti-colored discs, seem symbolic too. They remind us that every transaction on the Floor, every purchase, every sale, is known to the public hardly more than an instant after it is made. It is little exaggeration to say that a sale of stock is reported all over the city before the brokers who take part in it have had time to record it on their pads. The reporter hears the offer, catches the word "sold," or the gesture which closes the transaction, walks twenty feet across the Floor to the nearest pedestal, and taps out the report on the telegraphic key. Upstairs the operator at the disc catches the message "by ear," spells it out on the buttons, and before the buying and selling members have gathered themselves together for the next trade the ticker in every broker's office in the Street has printed the fact on the tape.

In busy times the ticker does fall behind the market. On a three-million-share day, which comes once in a generation, it is perhaps ten minutes behind! But on an ordinary day it is not behind at all. The swiftness of the electric current and the rapidity of the trained workers who bridge the gaps in the circuit keep the ticker service well abreast of the market. The man who has given an order to his broker to buy 500 Steel at 60, if he only stays near a ticker can know when the market has reached his price, and his stock presumably been bought, much sooner than, if he were buying a dozen eggs, the grocer could have them wrapped up for him. I say "presumably bought," and thereby hangs a tale of the protection which the Stock Exchange offers to the outsider who buys and sells through a broker. I shall tell that tale a little further on.

The Stock Exchange does its business in the open. The public knows what has happened there just as quickly as the members on the Floor. No trades are concealed; no news of trades delayed; no prices made or broken without instant word going to every part of the land. Of course this is not to say that the reasons for each sale, the forces behind it, the meaning of each movement in price, of each "bulge" or "break," are transmitted to the public. They are not known even to the members themselves except by inference and deduction and guesswork. The Stock Exchange no more than any other organization of men can penetrate the individual mind and heart and determine infallibly and instantaneously why the individual performs a given act. How, then, can it tell the public *why* a certain thing happens and *what* the happening portends? But it can tell the public just what does happen, and it does so with astonishing suddenness. It is hard to see how a more complete and instantaneous mechanism for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spreading broadcast the news of the course of business in a given field could be devised. What the Stock Exchange does the country knows, and knows it the next moment.

BEFORE THE OPENING—A BUSY BEEHIVE

But we have kept the venerable chairman and his gavel waiting long enough. While we have been considering some collateral questions the Floor has been filling. The telephones along the west wall are manned by clerks. They are busy answering calls from their members' offices, pushing the buttons to call the members to the telephone, and sending notes across the Floor by hurrying messengers. Behind the rail along the south side where the "arbitrage" business is carried on—the business, that is, of dealing between New York and London exchanges, and more specifically of taking advantage of the temporary differences in price of the same stocks in London and in New York—other clerks are busy receiving, recording, and comparing the prices ruling on the London Exchange, which has now been open for five hours. On the Floor itself shifting groups of members, most of them young, a few of them veterans by their white hairs or lack of them, are gathered at the strategic points. Here between posts one and five is the Steel crowd; just beyond is the Union crowd; over near the center of the Floor the Reading; and near post eight the Copper crowds. In between and all around these nuclei are moving currents of humanity made up of members, reporters, and the gray-uniformed messengers.

If you have ever seen one of those portable frames from a beehive which are put up in a window for observation purposes, you know something of what the Floor of the Board Room looks like just before ten o'clock. There is the same incessant motion of the whole mass like the moving of the restless waters of the ocean when a choppy sea is running. There is the same apparently aimless moving to and fro of the individual units. From the whole rises the steady murmur of a beehive on a summer day.

As the hand of the clock marches toward ten the members of the different groups become quiet and intent. Some of them, purpose showing in their faces and their bearing, inch their way persuasively toward the center of the "crowd" they are in. Others stand carelessly on the outskirts, their attitude suggesting that their place at the moment is determined more by habit or idle interest than by any pressing business of their own. On opposite sides of each large group stands a reporter with poised pencil and ready pad.

TEN O'CLOCK—THE EXCHANGE IS OPEN

Precisely at the sixtieth second the gavel falls and the big gong whirs out the signal. On the instant the groups are galvanized into action. The hum rises several tones in pitch and many degrees in volume. Here and there a single voice sounds above the rest shouting a bid or an offer or the magic word "sold" or "take the lot."

Each crowd sways and vibrates, each member intent on his own mission, pushing and wriggling to keep near to the center of the mass, ready to seize his opportunity when it comes. For on the Floor opportunity is a shy and rapidly fleeting bird on whose tail-feathers it takes a steady nerve, a quick eye, and nimble fingers to drop the salt of capture

In half a minute we see a reporter turn briskly from the Steel crowd below us, writing as he goes, and step quickly to the nearest pedestal. The hand at the key taps out a message, and the opening price of Steel goes out to a waiting world.

The hand of the clock has barely made a five-minute advance before the din begins to run down the scale, the crowds to subside into quiescence, the members to relax their eagerness. The flurry which always marks the opening has passed. Here an "arbitrageur" steps from the crowd to his clerk behind the rail, handing him a report of a transaction to be sent off to London by cable. There two members step aside to compare in quiet their notes on a trade which they have made a moment ago in the stress of the opening. Other members who have found their opportunity in the whirlpool scribble off reports which messengers take across the Floor to their telephones. The groups still hold their form, but they have become groups of men waiting, like Mr. Micawber, for "something to turn up."

The market has opened, and opened, let us hope, if we are "long" of the market, "strong." If we, perchance, are on the "short" side, a "weak" opening is our prayer.

THE ACTIVITIES OF MR. X

Since we have been in the gallery there has been one figure in the shifting pattern on the Floor on which we have tried to keep

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an eye. The member who is our guide in this inquiry into the workings of the Stock Exchange has shown us before he went on the Floor the orders which he has to fill:

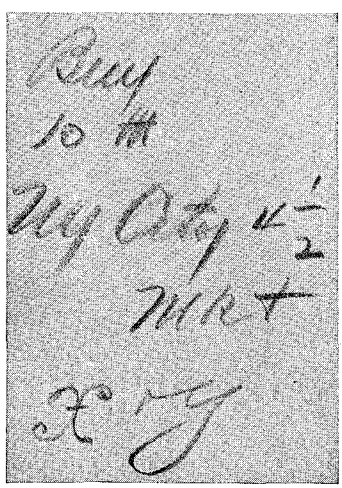
1. Buy 10,000 New York City 4½s at the market.
2. Sell 100 St. Paul at 108.
3. Buy 200 copper at 74⅞.
4. Buy 100 Steel at the market.
5. Buy 300 Union Pacific at 149.

Now, here are five transactions to be made at different points on the Floor. Our Mr. X (let us call him that, chiefly because there is no member of the Exchange whose name begins with X), of the firm of commission brokers, X and Y, is an active individual, but he has not even a dual personality, much less a quinquipartite one. Obviously he cannot be in five places at the same time, and it is not impossible that all five of these trades must be put through simultaneously. For no man can predict when the market will touch a given figure for any given stock.

What shall he do? How execute his orders without splitting himself into five parts?

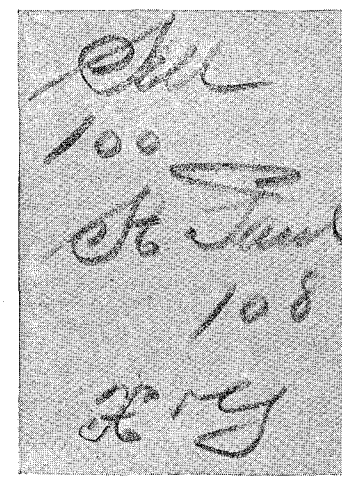
THE BOND CROWD, THE SPECIALIST, AND THE $2 BROKER

He comes on the Floor at ten minutes before ten. He first goes to that part of the Floor along the east wall just below our feet as we stand in the gallery. There, on a platform, two steps above the Floor, is gathering the "bond crowd," a little group of members who spend their time buying and selling bonds and bonds alone. To a man he knows in that crowd he hands a slip like this:



His friend in the bond crowd, as soon after the market opens as he can make the trade, will buy ten thousand New York City 4½ per cent bonds and send a report to Mr. X's telephone clerk in the booth across the floor that he has executed the order. That disposes of order Number 1.

From the bond crowd Mr. X steps to Post Number One. There he finds another acquaintance, one of those brokers who are known as "specialists." The member of the "bond crowd" is a specialist in bonds—he buys and sells nothing else. But the true "specialist," to whom that name is regularly applied, deals only in a single stock, or in some cases in several stocks traded in at a single post. All day he sticks to a single "post," dealing only in Steel, or New York Central, or Copper, or Reading. Ours is a St. Paul specialist, and to him Mr. X hands a second slip:

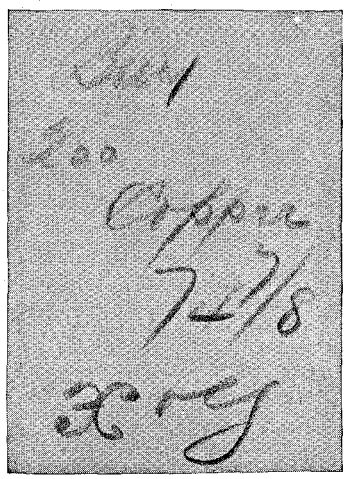


This trade is now in his hands. St. Paul closed last night at 107¾ bid, 107⅞ offered. If the market opens strong to-day, he may be able to sell the hundred shares at 108 at or soon after the opening. If it is weak, he may wait till late in the day before the price touches 108. Perhaps the trade cannot be made to-day at all. If he does make the sale, he will report directly to Mr. X's telephone clerk. For his services in the transaction he will receive a commission of 1–50 of one per cent on the par value of the stock, or $2. This disposes of order Number 2.

Order Number 3 Mr. X hands to another trusted acquaintance who becomes his lieutenant for the time being. This man belongs to another class of members, perhaps the hardest working of them all. He is known as a $2 broker, for his commission on the orders he executes for other brokers is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

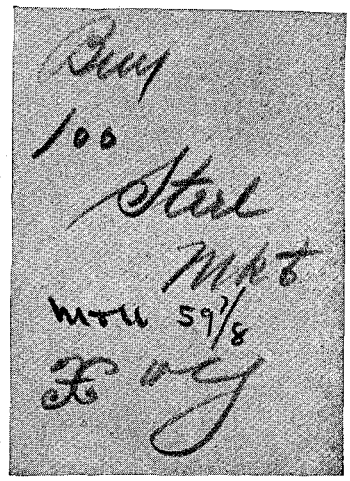
$2 on each hundred shares. He is a rover, executing orders for other members all over the Floor. He too receives a slip from Mr. X:



As the market opens he will be found boring into the Copper crowd, offering to buy his 200 copper at 74⅞ until the market comes to his price and some fellow-broker cries "sold" to him, or waiting until the stock is "offered down" to his stipulated price and then shooting a terse "take two hundred" at the offerer. If he succeeds in completing the trade during the day, he also reports directly to Mr. X's telephone. This disposes of order Number 3.

MR. X MAKES SOME PURCHASES HIMSELF

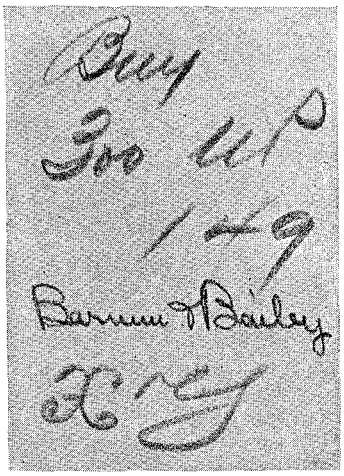
The last two orders on his list Mr. X decides to handle himself. With that in mind, he slips into the "Steel crowd" which has already formed between Posts One and Five and the "arbitrage" rail. His order to buy 100 Steel sets no particular price, but is to be executed "at the market." If it is filled, therefore, at the opening price, the instructions of his client will be carried out. As he waits in the crowd for the opening, he has the good fortune to rub elbows with a fellow-broker who says to him, "I'll sell 100 Steel at the opening." "I'll take your 100 at the opening," replies Mr. X. So the trade is agreed to, since what one has to sell the other is authorized to buy, and both are directed to trade at the opening price, the price, that is, at which the first sale of the day is made; but it cannot be finally consummated until the gavel has fallen—first, because they do not know what the price is to be until the market has opened and a sale has been made, and, second, because trading before the opening hour or after the closing hour is against the rules of the Exchange. This preliminary negotiation, however, permits Mr. X to complete his purchase at the moment the market opens. He puts down the name of the house with whose representative he has traded on the slip in his hand:



He then slips away to the Union Pacific crowd to fill his other order. There he finds that Union, which closed the night before at 151, influenced perhaps by a pessimistic rumor as to the progress of the dissolution plans of the Union Pacific-Southern Pacific merger, has broken on the opening. The opening price is 149¾. He accordingly shouts into the little pandemonium that is surging at the center of the crowd, "9 for 300," but no one pays any attention to him for the moment. His price is too far below the market. But a small selling fever is on, and eighth by eighth, to the accompaniment of shouted offers, eager responses of "Sold," "Sold," of waving arms with upraised fingers to indicate the number of "lots" the man at the other end of the arm is prepared to buy or sell, of lunging shoulders and digging elbows, as each man strives to hold his place in the shifting crowd, the price is hammered down until it is close to 149. Then our worthy guide springs more vehemently into action, brandishing three upraised fingers and striving to make it clear above the racket of his neighbors' voices that he is prepared to buy three hundred shares at 149. As he shouts he suddenly feels his arm clutched by a hand from behind, and, turning at the magic word "sold" in his ear and recognizing the owner of the hand and voice, he drops out of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crowd and scribbles down on the slip on which is already a record of the order the name of the house from which he has bought the stock.



Meanwhile the other party to the transaction has jotted down on his pad a similar memorandum on his slip, putting the name of X and Y in place of that of his own firm. That is all there is to it. A transaction involving forty-four thousand seven hundred dollars is entered into as easily and simply as that. Nothing passes between the parties to the transaction but a word or a nod or a gesture. No record is made but two scribbled sets of memoranda; there is nothing to "bind the bargain," nothing to hold either party to it but his word. Buying and selling on the Floor are done on honor. A broker's word given there is as good as a written contract. "Welshing" is unknown.

A BREATHING SPELL

His business of the morning done, this being a dull day, Mr. X has nothing to do for a time but wander about the Floor chatting with his friends, listening to rumors and gossip, watching the progress of the market. Now and then as he glances from habit at the number-spotted blackboards he sees his own number displayed. Off he steps to his telephone to receive a message from his office partner, to get an order which has just come into the office by letter, telegraph, telephone message, or personal visit, or to answer the personal inquiries of an anxious customer who believes that the board member from his point of vantage on the Floor must know much more of the direction in which the market winds are blowing or are likely to shift than any one who is merely watching the tape. This seeking of news of the market direct from board members seems like an obsession with some customers, and, however much it may interfere with his work on the Floor, the broker cannot neglect to humor the peculiarity. Gratified customers mean increased business and a larger volume of commissions. A customer who feels himself neglected by his broker has many other brokers to choose from.

Toward eleven o'clock Mr. X is called to his telephone to receive a message from one of the big downtown banks. He is the agent through whom this bank lends money on the Floor to brokers who have margin trades to finance for their customers.

TRADING ON MARGIN

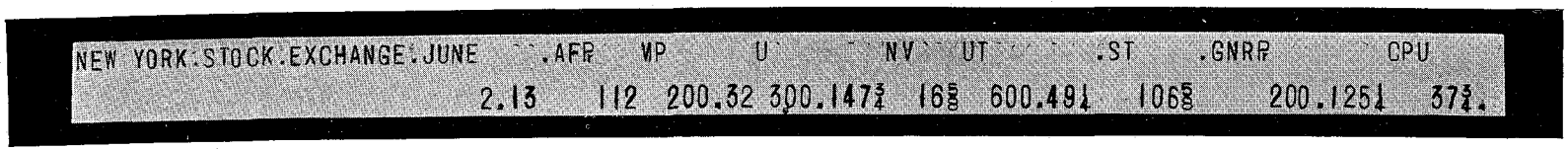
Perhaps this would be as good a time as any to describe trading on margin and to consider for a moment whether it is a legitimate and essential good, a crying and indefensible evil, or perhaps an inextricable combination of the two.

Trading on margin is, broadly speaking, what makes widespread speculation possible. But let us not jump to the conclusion that therefore it is unqualifiedly bad. Perhaps speculation itself is not quite such an unmixed evil as it sounds in the common ear.

Trading on margin may be described as buying stocks on mortgage. Stocks may also be sold short on margin, but in that case the analogy is not quite the same, though the underlying principle is. Let us consider the case of buying.

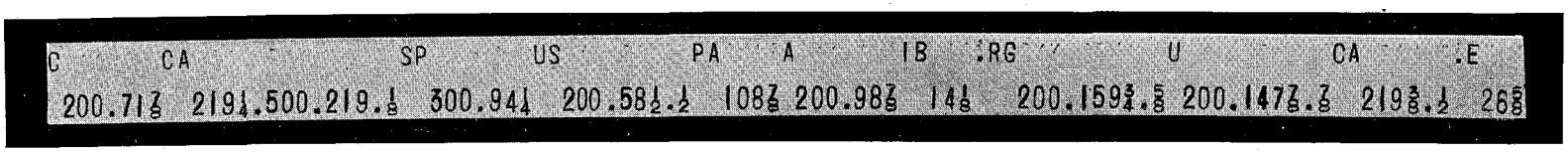
A customer has a thousand dollars with which he wishes to buy stocks in the hope that they will advance in price and he will therefore make money out of them. He knows that for his thousand dollars he can buy not more than ten shares of any stock selling at par if he buys them outright. On ten shares his profit, on any advance that would be likely to come soon, would be very small. He therefore tells his broker that he wishes to buy on margin. After consultation with his broker he decides to buy Steel Common, which was selling the night before at 59¾, for he believes that Steel is more likely to go up than down. On this purchase he must "put up" a ten point margin. He must deposit, that is, for each share of stock that is bought, ten dollars. His thousand dollars, therefore, will "margin" a purchase of one hundred shares. He gives the order to his broker to "buy 100 Steel at the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

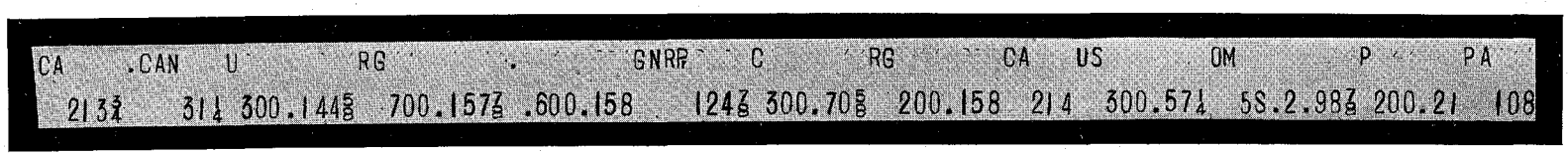


THE TAPE AT THE OPENING

This shows that on June 2 the first sale after the opening was 100 shares of American Car and Foundry Company Preferred at 112. The next sale was 200 shares of Missouri Pacific at 32. Then followed 300 Union Pacific at 147¾, 100 Nevada Consolidated Copper Company at 16⅝, 600 Utah Copper Company at 49¼, 100 Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad at 106⅝, 200 Great Northern Railway Preferred at 125¼, and 100 California Petroleum Corporation at 37¾.

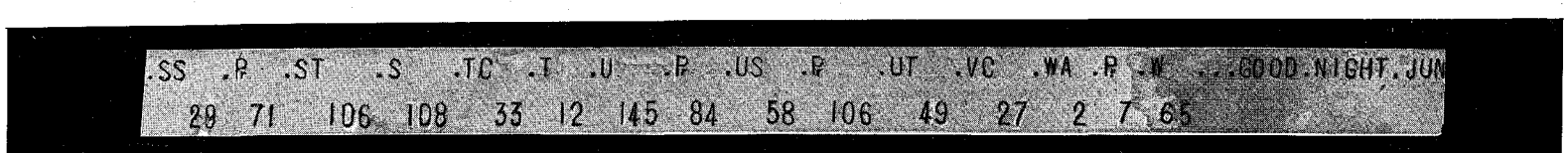


THE TAPE FIFTEEN MINUTES AFTER THE OPENING



THE TAPE HALF AN HOUR BEFORE THE CLOSE

These two sections of the tape just after the opening and just before the close on June 2 show the decline in prices which took place on that day when extensive European liquidation sent prices down rapidly. This decline in prices was led by Canadian Pacific, the sign for which on the tape is CA. It will be noted that in the morning it was selling at 219¼, while in the afternoon it was down to 213¾. The decline affected also stocks all along the line, though not so seriously. Steel (US) which was selling in the morning at 58⅛, had dropped in the afternoon to 57¼; Pennsylvania (PA) dropped from 108⅞ to 108; Reading (RG) dropped from 159¾ to 158; Union Pacific (U) from 147⅞ to 144⅛.



THE CLEARING-HOUSE PRICES ON THE TAPE

These are the prices which are used as a basis for settlement through the Clearing-House. The Clearing-House price is always the nearest even price to the last sale made before the close in each Clearing-House stock. If, for instance, a stock closes at 150¼, the Clearing-House price will be 150; if it closes at 150⅝, the Clearing-House price will be 151.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

market" and deposits the thousand dollars with him. The broker goes on the Floor and buys 100 shares of Steel at 60, the market opening strong and Steel going up at once.

FINANCING A MARGIN TRANSACTION

The sale made, the broker has to provide the rest of the money to complete the transaction. Every trade on the New York Stock Exchange is completed the next day.[1] Stock sold to-day must be delivered to-morrow, stock bought to-day must be paid for to-morrow. This purchase calls for a payment of $6,000, while the broker has only $1,000 belonging to his customer to apply on it. He must borrow the rest. So soon after eleven the next day he goes to the Money crowd at Post Number Four—the Money Post. There he finds several members who represent the banks, among them our friend Mr. X. He naturally goes to the representative of a bank with which he is accustomed to dealing. Perhaps this is Mr. X. He goes to him, then, tells him that he wishes to borrow, say, $30,000. He needs only $5,000 to finance the trade we have been considering, but he has four or five other customers also buying on margin, so he needs more money for them. All loans of this sort are made in units of $5,000. He needs perhaps only $28,000 to cover the actual purchases of the day, but he borrows $30,000, or six units.

This borrowing on the Floor is a purely verbal transaction, like any sale of stocks. Both brokers make a note of the amount and the rate and there their connection with it ends. The loan so arranged for is finally effected by the broker's office and the bank dealing directly.

The bank will lend the broker 80 per cent of the value of the stock. The stock is put up with the bank as collateral. The loan is what is known as a call loan; the bank may demand its payment at any time, the borrower may pay it off at any time. The rate of interest on such loans is lower than the legal rate, and fluctuates almost daily. The rate is determined by the law of supply and demand. If there is a great deal of money in the banks available for this kind of loan, money goes down. If the pendulum swings and money becomes scarce because it is in demand for moving the crops or for other similar purposes, money goes up. During the year the rate for call money may vary from two per cent to six per cent, going up as high, however, on perhaps two or three days during the year, as twenty per cent. It has gone up on extraordinary occasions to fifty, sixty, or even one hundred per cent.

The call money rate averages about four per cent. This rate is a yearly rate, and does not of course mean that if a broker borrows for his customer one thousand dollars and keeps it for a day he will pay forty dollars for the use of it. If he kept it for a year and the rate did not fluctuate in the meantime, he would pay forty dollars for the use of it. If he kept it for one day he would pay a trifle over ten cents for its use.

But to return to our customer. When his broker has finished the operations necessary to complete the purchase, the customer owns 100 shares of the common stock of the United States Steel Corporation, and owes his broker $5,000. He also owes his broker, first, a commission of ⅛ of 1 per cent on the par value of the stock bought, or $12.50; and, second, interest on the money the broker has lent him to make up the purchase price, $5,000. The interest is figured at about one per cent higher than the broker has to pay the bank—one per cent higher, that is, than the call money rate. Since the rate on call money fluctuates from day to day, the rate the customer pays cannot be fixed in advance as on the ordinary time loan. Each month the broker strikes an average of the rates he has paid on his loans during the month, and on this basis decides what to charge his customers for what he has lent them to carry their trades. The interest which the customer has to pay is reduced, however, by any dividends paid on the stock while it is being carried, which belong to the customer.

The stock which has been bought by the broker for his customer has been put up as security with the bank making the loan. It will be released when the loan is paid. The customer, then, has bought 100 Steel for $6,000, paid $1,000 down and borrowed the balance from his broker. He has an equity in the hundred shares of Steel stock of $1,000, less the broker's commission and the interest on the loan. The transaction is precisely like that of buying land.

BUYING LAND—ON MARGIN

The customer, instead of buying Steel through a broker, might have gone to a real

[1] A single exception is to be found in the case of odd lot transactions in a stock during the time when the transfer books of the corporation are closed. This will be referred to again later.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

estate agent and bought land. Suppose he bought a plot for $6,000. It is very little likely that he would pay for it all in cash. He would put up a margin, get the real estate agent to borrow the remainder of the purchase price from some bank or some individual, and put up the property as security for the loan. The process is in effect the same. It is true that in the second transaction the customer uses a mortgage in putting up his land as security, but the necessity for this is obvious. Land is not portable and cannot be sent round to the bank by messenger and put away in its strong box. It is also true that one cannot borrow so large a proportion of the purchase price of a piece of land as of a block of stock. But the reason for this involves an essential difference between the real estate market and the Stock Exchange, a difference which is all in favor of the Exchange and illustrates its chief function. There is no market where real estate can be bought and sold at will. There is no institution where prices of real estate are fixed by supply and demand and fluctuate from day to day as those factors change.

The owner of a hundred shares of Steel can sell them at an hour's notice. He can tell from his daily paper every morning what the price of Steel is. He can even tell from the tape, if he is near a ticker, how the price fluctuates from hour to hour. A word to his broker over the telephone sells his stock without bargaining or delay or uncertainty.

The owner of a piece of real estate can sell it only after a hunt for a buyer and a bargain as to the price, and perhaps not then, for there may be no market for that particular piece of land or no one ready to buy at a price he is willing to accept. There is always a market for stocks, always a market price. This is the chiefest service the Stock Exchange does for the investing and speculating public.

COPYRIGHT 1913 NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

THE SOURCE OF THE TICKER SERVICE

"Reporters" sending out at one of the four pedestals on the Floor reports of sales which have just been made. In less than a minute the record of these sales will be printed on the tape in 500 brokers' offices

THE ETHICS OF MARGIN TRADING—AND ITS DANGERS

Is trading on margin, then, an illegitimate practice? Is it an evil? Is it indefensible? Should we be doing a service to the community if we prohibited it?

In its essence trading on margin is as legitimate as any other business transaction in which the buyer pays only a part of the purchase price down and borrows the rest on the security of the purchased property. In principle it is no more indefensible than any other form of buying on credit. It is going on, just as I have de-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COPYRIGHT 1913 NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

THE SECOND STEP IN THE TICKER SERVICE

"As first one then another of the instruments chatters out a metallic message of some sale on the Floor, the central operator's hands with their long, facile fingers spell out the message again on the buttons before him"

scribed it here, all over the world and all the time.

But in practice it brings evils in its train. It makes it possible for men who cannot afford to lose to enter upon speculations in which there is a considerable chance that they will lose. It encourages men with small resources to undertake large ventures, a proceeding dangerous to the individual undertaking it, in any sphere of life.

The evils which it produces spring from three sources. Many men speculate who ought not to speculate, or with money which ought to be kept safe, not risked. Some brokers do not insist that their customers keep the margin on which they are operating amply large. Many men trade on margin without adequate knowledge of what they are entering upon; and, on the other side, some promoters of financial undertakings supply the public with glittering misinformation which may easily mislead any but the expert and the initiated. It puts a premium on the putting of prices up and down by big operators, for the speculator trading with small resources and on narrow margins is easily "shaken out," to his own discomfiture and—sometimes—the big operator's profit.

Since trading on margin is essentially a perfectly legitimate process, to prohibit it would be to do more harm than good, even if it could be prohibited without violating the constitutional privileges of the individual, which is extremely doubtful. But it should be surrounded with every possible safety device like any other piece of useful but dangerous machinery—to keep out of this particularly attractive form of speculation any man who cannot afford to lose his stake, to require amply sufficient margins of every speculator, and to restrain the immoral practices of some large market operators and dishonest promoters, most of whom are not members of the Exchange.

THE MONEY CROWD

This little discussion of margin trading has interrupted Mr. X's telephone call, but perhaps it will help to explain it. The call is from the bank which he represents in the Money crowd on the Floor. It tells him that the bank has a million dollars which it wishes to put into call loans to-day. So off goes Mr. X to the Money post to wait for borrowers. Every broker who yesterday bought more stocks for customers trading on margin than he sold for customers must be a borrower to-day. Between eleven and two-thirty he must go to the Money crowd to make his loans.

When Mr. X's money is all loaned or two-thirty has come, he is through till three o'clock

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

except for keeping an eye on the market and watching for calls to his telephone. So the day wears on.

THREE O'CLOCK—THE EXCHANGE IS CLOSED

At a half-minute before three the chairman rises in his place. At fifteen seconds before the hour the big gong begins to hum, and as it ceases, precisely on the hour, the gavel falls. The Exchange is closed. Another day has become yesterday.

Members pour out of the room through the different doorways and make off to their offices to finish up the day's work before going "uptown" or under or over the river to New Jersey or Long Island. Around the Money post is now gathering a new group. It is the "loan crowd," and thither Mr. X betakes himself. He has sold to-day 100 St. Paul and needs the stock for delivery to-morrow. It might have been, of course, that the customer who gave the order was "long" of the stock, and therefore had the hundred shares ready for delivery. But not this time. This was a "short" sale, and the stock must be borrowed for delivery to-morrow. In the loan crowd Mr. X approaches a fellow-member who he has reason to believe is long of St. Paul. But his belief is unfounded, and he must seek a lender in the crowd by the stereotyped Floor method of howling out his wants. In a moment he has found his man and made a note of the transaction. For the loan of the stock he is to put up the full market price.

THE CLEARING-HOUSE

When he has sent a report of this last transaction to the office, his day on the floor is done. Off he goes to his office. Before we follow him let us watch for a moment this quiet man who, with pencil and paper, is going the round of the posts and jotting down figures. The list that he carries contains the names of eighty-five of the most active stocks, and opposite each stock he puts down a figure after looking at the sheet at the post where that stock is traded in. On the sheet some member—probably a specialist in that particular stock—has written down as the gong sounds the price at which the final sale was made. In St. Paul, for instance, the price may have been 108¼. The man with the list in his hand reads this figure and sets down opposite the name St. Paul the figure 108. If it had been 108⅞, he would have put down 109.

This is the "Clearing-House price," the purpose of which we shall see presently. The man with the list is one of the managers of the Clearing-House. As his list is completed he hands it for a moment to a reporter, who quickly sends the figures out on the tape.

Back in his office Mr. X finds that all the orders which he has given to specialists and $2 men during the day have been executed. The clerks are already making out the Clearing-House sheet, which contains the record of the entire day's operations of the House in any of the eighty-five Clearing-House stocks and which must get to the Clearing-House before seven o'clock. On a light day like this this is very easy. The boy will push the sheet through the window at the Clearing-House soon after four. But there have been days when, as seven o'clock came, the office has had to apply at the Clearing-House and ask for an extension of time.

The Clearing-House acts as the agent of its members in facilitating the business of delivering the securities that have been sold by the members during the day and of making the payments for them. It is a labor-saving device, just as the bank Clearing-House is. Its action is in principle and indeed in practice simple, but to attempt to make it clear by description would require more space than I have at my disposal here. In brief, if A sells to B, B to C, and C to D the same number of shares of the same stock at different prices during the day, A does not send a stock certificate to B and receive a check at the sale price, B to C, and C to D. Instead A sends a certificate to D and receives a check at the Clearing-House price already described.

Each party to this quadrangular transaction also receives from or pays to the Clearing-House the difference between the price at which it bought or sold the stock and the Clearing-House price. The final result is exactly the same as if there had been no Clearing-House, and each house had completed each transaction with every other to which it had sold or from which it had bought. The only difference is that a great proportion of the clerical labor, of the running to and fro of messengers, of the certification of checks, of, in fact, the useless labor, has been done away with. The Clearing-House does not in the slightest degree alter the responsibility incurred in any transaction or change the essential facts of it. The Clearing-House alters nothing,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

relieves of no responsibility. It is nothing but a machine.

INVESTMENT AND SPECULATION

A certain proportion of the transactions on the Stock Exchange are purely investment transactions. They consist of purchases of securities outright by individuals with money which they do not need for current expenses and which they wish both to put in a safe place and to have yield them an income. Such persons buy stocks and bonds as they would put money in a savings bank. By using it to buy stocks and bonds, however, they can get a larger return on their money. This class of transactions includes also, of course, sales by the same persons of securities which they have bought for investment. They may sell because they wish to invest elsewhere or because they have other uses for the money. Investment transactions form but a small proportion of the business done on the floor of the Exchange. The rest is speculation. But to make that statement is not by any means to condemn it or to write down the Exchange as an institution in which the bad far outweighs the good.

IS SPECULATION WICKED?

Speculation has a bad name. The loose thinking which it is always so easy for the popular mind to indulge in lumps all speculation together, characterizes it as "gambling," and dismisses the subject. This is the easy way to treat the question. But the easy way is seldom the right way. The problems that arise from human relations are not often solved in a word.

The popular conception of the Stock Exchange could perhaps be expressed in a simple syllogism:

Speculation is wicked.

The Stock Exchange encourages speculation.

Therefore the Stock Exchange is a wicked institution.

A perfectly good syllogism, but, like every syllogism of this form, depending entirely for the truth of its conclusion on the truth of its major premise.

Speculation is wicked.

But is it?

Let us see.

We have already considered one of the classes of transactions on the Stock Exchange which is largely used for speculative purposes—trading on margin. We have shown, I hope successfully, that trading on margin is essentially neither illegitimate nor wicked.

Another class of speculative transactions is "short selling." To sell a stock short is to sell shares of it which you do not possess, in the hope that at some time in the future you can buy the shares at a lower price than that which you now receive.

"SELLING WHAT ONE HAS NOT GOT"

A common view of this kind of trading is expressed by Miss Ida M. Tarbell in an article on "The Stock Market" in the "American Magazine" for June. She is quoting the testimony of Mr. Morgan before the Pujo Committee on this point:

"I do not like it, not that I wish to criticise it at all, but I do not see how you can get along without it."

"Why," Mr. Untermyer asked, "can you not get along without a man's selling something that he has not got in the way of stocks."

"That," said Mr. Morgan, "is a principle of life, I think."

What Mr. Morgan meant by a "principle of life" was undoubtedly the "gambling instinct." It would find a way. But why should the "greatest financial institution in the world" provide the way? Moreover, the same reasoning would forbid the curbing of the "principle of life" which bids us take whatever we can put our hands on. Is there a more truly "acquired taste" than what we call respect for property—or honesty!

Apparently Miss Tarbell classes short selling with stealing. She intimates that "selling something that one has not got" is incompatible with honesty.

SELLING SHORT IN MAGAZINE PUBLISHING

Let us transfer this "selling something that one has not got" from the heated atmosphere of controversy that surrounds Wall Street in these days to the calm air in which is carried on a business whose legitimacy and high character Miss Tarbell would not, I am sure, asperse—magazine publishing. The magazine publisher "sells something that he has not got" every day of his life. The magazine subscriber pays for his subscription a year in advance. When the publisher of The Outlook accepts the subscriber's $3 in December in payment for fifty-two issues of The Outlook to be delivered at weekly intervals during the year, he is selling short with a vengeance. He is "selling something that he has not got." Not only has he not got the completed product which he is to deliver, he in all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

probability has only a very small part of the raw material out of which the completed product is to be made. When he accepts the subscriber's $3 he could no more deliver, within any reasonably short time, the property which he has sold, than he could fly to the moon. He has neither the paper nor the ink, the articles nor the illustrations, nor the news on which it almost all depends, which he is to deliver. He is selling short with a vengeance.

It is true there is one difference between the short selling of the magazine publisher and the short selling of the stockbroker. The publisher will not make the final delivery of the property which he has sold until twelve months have elapsed, while he has accepted payment in advance. The stockbroker makes delivery the next day, and receives not a cent of money until he has made delivery.[1]

TO CLASS SHORT SELLING WITH STEALING IS ABSURD

If Miss Tarbell's implication is right and "a man's selling what he has not got" belongs in the category with stealing and other forms of dishonesty which involve lack of "respect for property," the magazine publisher is in a parlous way. But the suggestion is absurd. Neither the publisher who contracts to deliver magazines which are not yet written, nor the tailor who agrees to sell a suit made out of cloth of which he has only a sample, nor the builder who pledges himself to build a house for which he possesess neither a stone nor a brick nor a shingle, nor the broker who agrees to deliver stock which he does not possess, is violating any statute or economic or moral law. Publisher and tailor and builder are performing a service to the community. Why assume that the broker is not performing a service as well? It is not wicked to "sell short" a magazine or a suit of clothes or a house when there is a market in which you can get the material out of which and the labor by which they are to be made, and when your resources are such that you have reasonable certainty of being able to complete your contract. It is no more wicked to sell one hundred shares of stock short when there is a market where the stock can be obtained at a moment's notice and when your resources are sufficient to insure your putting through the transaction. Brokers, like other men, have plenty of sins of their own to bear. Let us not ascribe to them as sins acts which in other men we hail as virtues.

No. Short selling is neither unsound in principle, nor, within bounds, undesirable in practice.

SHORT SELLING PERFORMS A USEFUL SERVICE

On the other hand, short selling performs a well-nigh indispensable service. The primary function of the Stock Exchange is to provide a free, open, and broad market for the purchase and sale of securities. Such a market must be responsive to the law of supply and demand, but it must be protected, as far as possible, from rapid fluctuations and wide price movements. The best market would be that in which the swings of the price pendulum were short but deliberate.

Short selling is a brake upon the market. It narrows the limits of fluctuation and retards their speed. Curiously enough, the fact that short selling is possible has the same effect whether the market is going up or going down. It checks both booms and panics, is a drag on both breaks and bulges.

Let us take the case of a boom. The "bulls," those members who want to see prices go up or believe they will go up, are buying right and left. Prices are advancing rapidly. The only thing which can stop such a movement is for the bulls to find in the market a plentiful supply of the stocks they wish to buy. Now, in such a rising market, the bulls have not only to buy stocks which others are "long" of, having bought them "for a rise." They must also buy other stocks which traders do not possess but which they are willing to sell short in the belief that the prevailing high prices are only temporary and that a reaction is inevitable. The more shares the bulls have to buy, the harder is their task. Short selling adds to the actual supply of purchasable stock an increasing quantity of stock not now in the possession of the sellers but to be bought later. Short selling, therefore, is a brake upon a bull market, a curb upon a wild boom.

Now of course an advance in prices, when it is healthy and legitimate, is a good thing (unless one happens to be on the bear side of the market, in which case one's normal view of everything is stood upon its head).

[1] Of course this is not true of dealings in commodities like wheat and cotton, on other exchanges. Nor is it true of the London Stock Exchange, where settling day comes twice a month. But it is true on the New York Stock Exchange, where practically all trades are made "regular way," for delivery and payment next day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

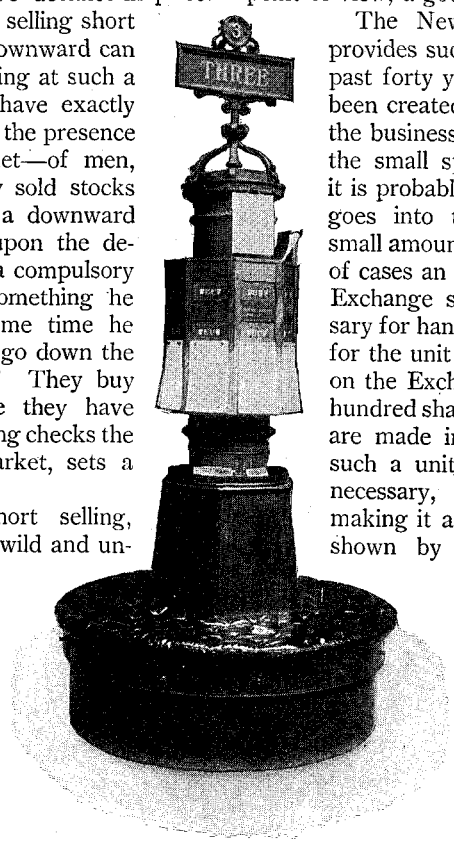
Things ought to increase in value. Prices ought to go up. To have them go up is an advantage to the investors.

But advancing prices are good only when they are based upon and reflect advancing values. Unhealthy booms are as bad as unsound declines. If the price of a stock goes up because the earning value of the property it represents is increasing, the resulting boom in the stock is healthy and beneficial. But if the price of a stock goes up because a group of men are trying to put it up for their own purposes, regardless of values, the boom is neither healthy nor beneficial. Prices so raised seldom "stay put."

Anything that will retard such an advance in prices as that is a good thing for the whole of the public which is interested in buying and selling securities. This is precisely the service which short selling renders. It tends to steady price advances, to check their impetuous speed, and to keep them within bounds.

On the other side, short selling is a brake upon rapid and excessive declines in price. This is not to say that by selling short a movement of prices downward can be checked. Short selling at such a time would, of course, have exactly the opposite effect. But the presence of "shorts" in a market—of men, that is, who have already sold stocks short in anticipation of a downward movement—is a check upon the decline. The "short" is a compulsory buyer. He has sold something he has not got, and at some time he must buy it. As prices go down the shorts begin to "cover." They buy stocks to replace those they have already sold. Their buying checks the decline, steadies the market, sets a limit to the fall of prices.

If there were no short selling, booms would tend to be wild and unrestrained, with inevitable disaster when the break finally came; declines would be sudden, rapid, and extensive, with equally disastrous consequences. Short selling is the governor on the engine. It steadies, equalizes, restrains. A market in which short selling was impossible would be a dangerous market for any one to trade in.



COPYRIGHT BY NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

THE PENNSYLVANIA POST

THE SERVICE OF SHORT SELLING TO THE SMALL INVESTOR

Another service which short selling renders is to the small investor. The ownership of American corporations is widely distributed. The Steel Corporation has 150,000 stockholders; the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has 80,000. Two hundred and forty-seven of the large corporations of the country are owned by more than a million stockholders. Of these million stockholders many must be owners of small numbers of shares. A considerable part of the people's savings is invested in securities.

It is of vital importance, therefore, that the interests of the small investor in stocks and bonds should be adequately safeguarded. A market in which the small investor can easily and safely invest, and in which he always finds a ready market for any securities he may wish to turn into cash, is, from this point of view, a good market.

The New York Stock Exchange provides such a market. During the past forty years special facilities have been created and developed to handle the business of the small investor and the small speculator as well, though it is probably true that the man who goes into the stock market with a small amount of money is in a majority of cases an investor. On the Stock Exchange special facilities are necessary for handling this kind of business, for the unit in which trades are made on the Exchange is the block of one hundred shares. All sales on the floor are made in "hundreds." To have such a unit of trading is obviously necessary, and the advisability of making it a fairly large unit has been shown by the experiences of all Exchanges. Since the unit is one hundred shares, the small investor who wishes to buy, say, seventeen shares of Pennsylvania cannot have his order executed by his broker dealing with another broker on the floor in just the same way that it would be executed if

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it were for seventeen hundred shares. The business of buying and selling blocks of stock of less than one hundred shares is known as the "odd lot" business. There are five houses in the Street that do an odd lot business exclusively. The extent of their business is suggested by the fact that these five houses have forty-five members of the Exchange connected with them. The customer does not deal directly with the odd lot houses as he does with the commission broker. The odd lot houses, in fact, are not brokers, they are dealers.

Let us see how their business works.

THE BUSINESS OF THE ODD LOT HOUSE

Mr. A, a man of modest possessions, finds that he has a certain balance of savings and proposes either to invest it or to indulge in mild speculation. After study and consultation he gives an order to his broker to buy twenty-five shares of Northern Pacific at the market. From his broker's office the order is telephoned to the Floor, and his broker's telephone clerk hands it to the representative of one of the odd lot houses. Now, in order to make the explanation simpler, let us assume that this is the only order that the odd lot broker has to execute that day. The odd lot broker goes to the Northern Pacific post, finds that Northern Pacific is quoted at 113⅛ offered, 113 bid. He immediately reports to Mr. A's broker that he has sold him twenty-five shares of Northern Pacific at 113⅛ and to his own office the same fact. The odd lot broker has now sold twenty-five shares Northern Pacific at 113⅛. He must make delivery of this stock to-morrow, but he has not the stock to deliver because he cannot buy less than one hundred shares on the Floor. How does he get the stock to deliver? He goes into the loan crowd, borrows one hundred shares of Northern Pacific, sends the certificate to the Northern Pacific transfer office and has it split into two, one for twenty-five shares and one for seventy-five shares. The twenty-five shares he delivers to Mr. A's broker the next day; the seventy-five shares he holds until he has a call for them. Since the odd lot man has only borrowed the stock which he has delivered, he has sold the twenty-five shares short.

The odd lot man will always sell at the "offered" price and buy at the "bid" price. There is another way, however, in which an order may come to him. The order may be to buy or sell at the market, but with the proviso, "Wait for a sale." On such an order he waits until a sale has taken place, and reports his own transaction at ⅛ above that price, if it is a purchase, at ⅛ below if it is a sale. In other words, on such an order Mr. A will pay ⅛ more than the prevailing price if he is buying, or will receive ⅛ less than the prevailing price if he is selling. But, in any case, he always finds a market for his shares, whether they be one or ninety-nine.

The odd lot dealer's business is of course vastly more complicated than the single illustration I have been able to give. Instead of a single order he has scores. In an active market the odd lot business probably makes up one-fifth of the entire business done on the Floor. On a million-share day, which was not an uncommon occurrence before the present period of stagnation struck the security markets of the world, the odd lot business would amount to 200,000 shares.

The odd lot house is continually selling odd lots—from one to ninety-nine shares—to the customers of other brokers, and buying "hundreds" against them from other traders on the Floor. It is also continually doing the reverse process—buying odd lots and selling "hundreds." To do such a business requires immense capital. The odd lot house—since when it needs small amounts of stock it can get them only by buying hundreds—has to carry stocks in greater quantities than other houses. Not that it lays in a stock to meet future demands as a grocer lays in sugar. For that would be speculating, and the odd lot house, broadly speaking, does not speculate. But if the house has orders for 87 shares of a certain stock and must buy 100 shares to fill the orders, it must carry the 13 shares, and in effect becomes a forced speculator to that extent.

There is another condition which requires the odd lot house to have ample resources. At the times when dividends are paid the transfer books of corporations are closed for periods, in some cases, of a month. During those periods the odd lot house cannot deliver its odd lots, for the splitting up of the hundred-share certificates must be done on the transfer books of the corporation. But the demand for odd lots does not stop merely because the transfer books are closed. The odd lot house, therefore, must continue to buy its hundreds and hold them till the transfer books are opened. The necessity for ample capital is apparent.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SMALL INVESTOR NEEDS THE ODD LOT HOUSE

The odd lot business, because of this absolute necessity for abundant resources, is probably the safest for the customer of any on the Street. No odd lot house has ever failed. It is reported that in the Hocking panic, when failures were numerous and no man was sure of his neighbor's solvency, some traders and brokers took their hundred-share certificates, broke them into fifties and sold them to the odd lot houses, of whose ability to weather the storm there was not the slightest question. The compliment to the odd lot houses, we may hope, helped to atone for the burden thus thrown upon them.

The odd lot house is, from the point of view of the general public, the most interesting as well as the most important part of the stock market. It is through the odd lot house (though the customers may not be conscious of the fact, since they deal with it not directly but through their brokers) that the small investor and the small speculator come into touch with the Stock Exchange. If there were no odd lot houses, the man with modest savings which he wanted to invest in securities or venture in the hope of speculative profit would have no avenue of approach to the market where such investment or such speculation could be undertaken.

THE ODD LOT DEALER CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT SHORT SELLING

The odd lot dealer is indispensable to the small investor. And the odd lot dealer *could not exist if short selling were impossible.* Just consider the matter a moment. The odd lot dealer always makes a market for those in quest of less than a hundred shares. If any one wants to buy, he must sell; if any one wants to sell, he must buy. It is a highly competitive business, the odd lot business, and no man could refuse orders and live. Suppose, now, the market is falling. Brokers come to the odd lot man to buy for their customers. He must sell or shut up shop. If he buys before he sells, the market will run away from him. He will be selling always at a loss. He will be committing suicide.

He *must sell the odd lots short* and buy his hundreds to make them up when the market has gone down further. He must sell short or be ruined.

So the very life of the odd lot dealer depends on his ability to sell short. The access to the great free market of the Stock Exchange of the small investor and the small speculator is through the odd lot dealer. The conclusion is inescapable. Prohibit short selling, and you strike at the small investor. Prohibit short selling, and you narrow your market—and a narrow market is a bad market, a dangerous market.

Short selling and trading on margin are instruments primarily of speculation. They may touch the sphere of investment occasionally, but not to a great enough extent to modify seriously the rule that they are speculative operations.

HOW ABOUT SPECULATION?

This naturally raises the question of speculation as a whole. Should it be classed with gambling as an anti-social practice, or with legitimate business operations? On this point the testimony of students of economic processes is, to all intents and purposes, unanimous. "Speculation," says Professor Edwin R. A. Seligman, an American student of economics, "subserves a useful and in modern times an indispensable function." From France there comes similar testimony in the words of the great French economist, Paul Leroy-Beaulieu: "Complaint is made of the evils of speculation, but the evils that speculation prevents are much greater than those it causes." In England sixty years ago John Stuart Mill gave expression to the same judgment: "The interests of the speculators as a body coincide with the interests of the public; . . . they can only fail to serve the public interest in proportion as they miss their own." The services which speculation performs in modern business are, first, to segregate many of the risks of commerce and cause them to be assumed by a special class; second, to contribute the maximum share to the formation of a broad and free market in which prices are kept steady by affording the widest range to the operation of the law of supply and demand; third, to make for the individual investor a continuous market in which he may buy and sell at will the securities representing his investments; and, fourth, to bring together, through the market which speculation so largely creates, capital and the commercial and industrial opportunities for its use. In the performance of these valuable services speculation is indispensable. To class it as an evil, as a detriment to the public welfare, as a process illegitimate and indefensible, is a colossal error. The reason for being of the Stock Exchange lies largely

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the fact that it provides extensive and elaborate facilities for the speculative process.

To deny, on the other hand, that illegitimate forms of speculation, detrimental to the welfare of the individual and the community, are made possible by the facilities provided by the Stock Exchange for legitimate speculation, would be an equally colossal error. Where the opportunity for speculation exists, men will speculate who ought not to do so, and in ways that are illegitimate.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE PROTECTS THE CUSTOMER

That this is true the New York Stock Exchange has fully realized. It has undertaken to minimize the possibilities for the illegitimate practices of speculators to a considerable extent in the past and to a larger extent in the present and the future.

The Stock Exchange, like many other commercial organizations during the past ten years, has been awakened to a more lively sense of its responsibilities to the community by the force of an awakening public opinion. The sentiment of the members of the Stock Exchange is moving forward with the times. The group of progressive members who have for years been exerting their influence toward a raising of the standards of the Exchange and more stringent safeguards against illegitimate speculation are finding their way easier as public opinion inside as well as outside of the Exchange is being educated.

The Exchange has for a long time done much to protect the interests of the public. It is doing more. It will in the near future, I believe, do more still.

The rules of the Exchange are framed to protect the customer. For instance, no error made by a broker can accrue to his advantage; the customer always gets the benefit, if there is a benefit. But the customer never suffers the loss, if there is a loss. In the phrase of the Exchange, "A broker's error account cannot show a profit."

Let us suppose a customer has given an order to buy Pennsylvania at 108. If the stock sells at 108 during the day, the broker may explain that he was in the crowd when the sale took place, but was unable to buy because not enough stock was offered to meet the demand. But if he was not in the crowd or was absent from the Floor when the sale was made, he must "put the stock in" for his customer at 108, taking the loss arising from his having to buy it at a higher price. If, however, the stock at any time during the day, in any quantity however small, sells at any price below 108, no matter where the broker was at the time, and no matter if Pennsylvania shot up to 110 the next minute, the broker must give the stock to his customer at 108. On a selling order the same rule holds; the broker suffers for his carelessness or preoccupation or bad fortune.

If, however, on an order to sell Steel at 57⅜, the broker should actually make the sale at 57⅝, he must give the customer the benefit of the higher price. For the broker to absorb the difference himself would be to violate the cardinal rule that a man may not be principal and agent in the same transaction.

The customer cannot lose through his broker's error, but he may gain through it. If he suspects that something is wrong, he can apply to the secretary of the Exchange. The trade will be verified through the house which took the other end of the transaction. If the broker has made the trade at one price and reported it at another, he has committed the cardinal sin. The penalty is expulsion.

The Exchange has an arbitration committee which settles disputes between members, and disputes between a member and a customer if the customer wishes the committee to do so. Any customer can bring a member before the arbitration committee, willy-nilly; but a member cannot bring a customer there unless the customer is willing.

THE EXCHANGE TRIES TO PREVENT FICTITIOUS TRANSACTIONS

The Exchange protects its customers against its members. It also seeks to eliminate illegitimate forms of transaction. Among such forms are "wash sales" and "matched orders." Wash sales are fictitious sales in which no stocks actually change possession. Matched orders are orders given by an individual to one broker to buy shares of a given stock and to another broker to sell shares of the same stock. In such a transaction there is obviously no real change of ownership. One broker must of course deliver the stock to the other and receive payment for it. But since the customers of each broker are one and the same person, the principal in the case is evidently selling himself stocks with one hand and paying himself for them with the other.

The acceptance by members of orders for such transactions, as well as the giving of them, is forbidden by the rules. The penalty is sus-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

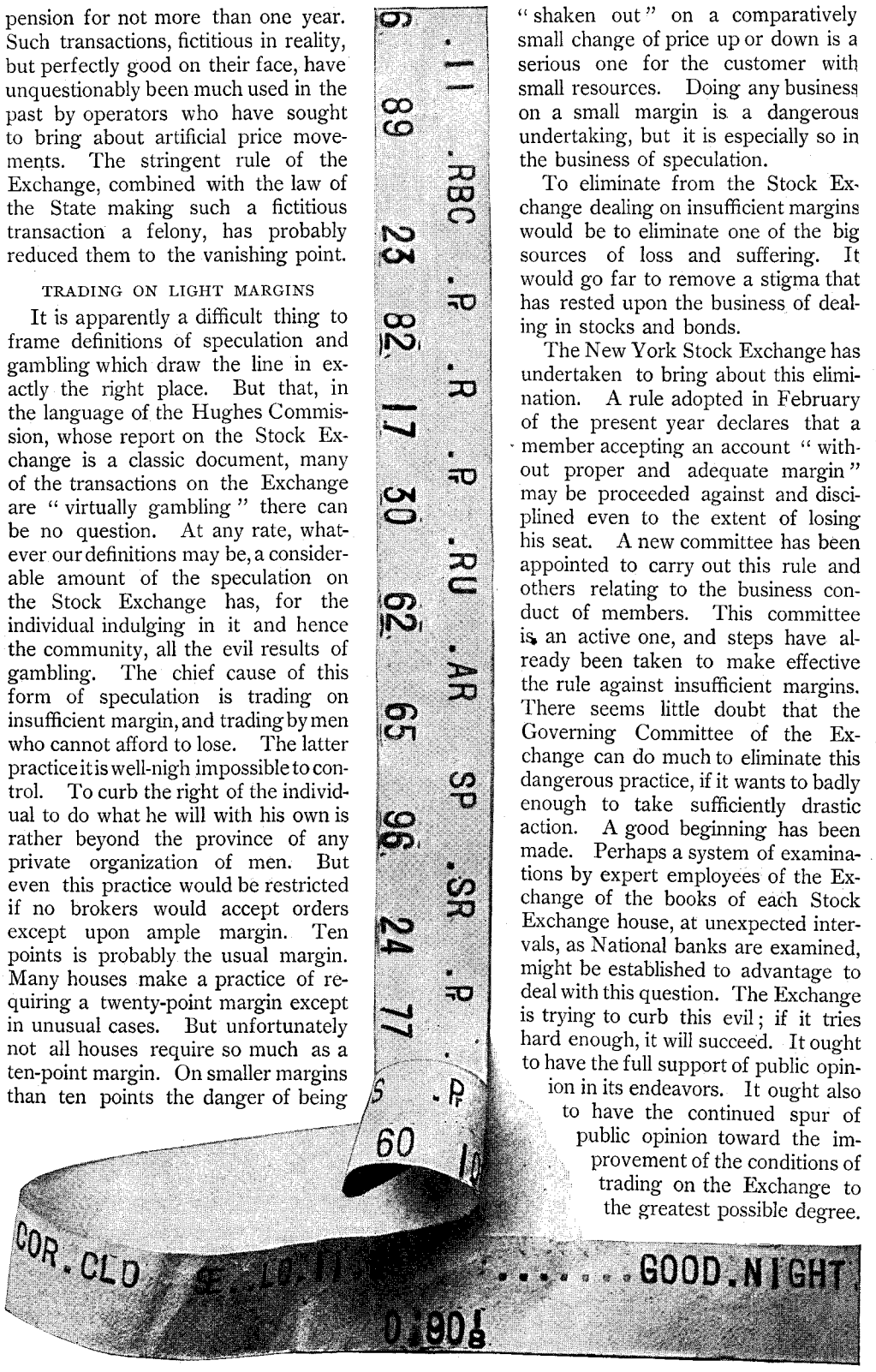
pension for not more than one year. Such transactions, fictitious in reality, but perfectly good on their face, have unquestionably been much used in the past by operators who have sought to bring about artificial price movements. The stringent rule of the Exchange, combined with the law of the State making such a fictitious transaction a felony, has probably reduced them to the vanishing point.

TRADING ON LIGHT MARGINS

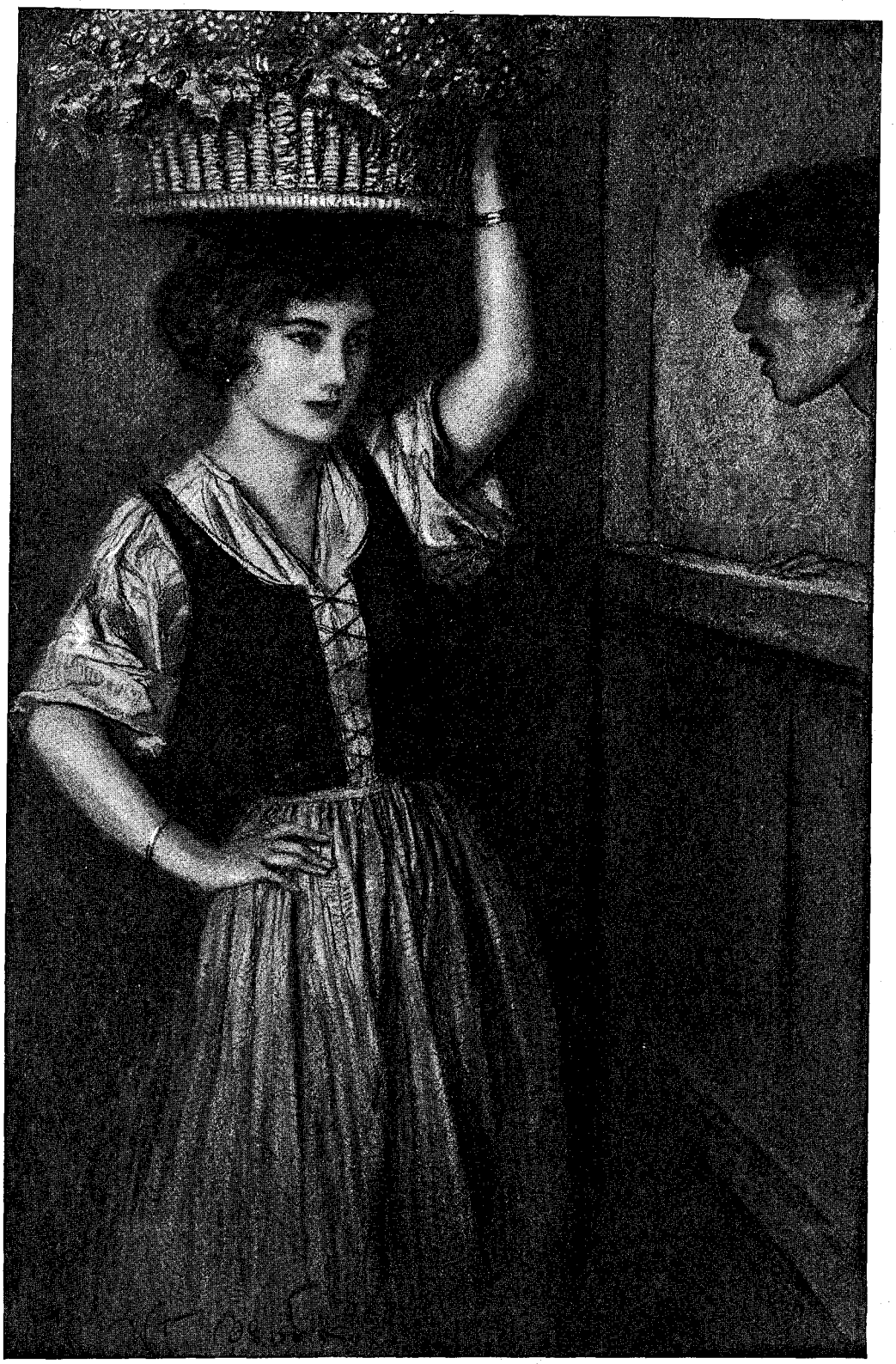
It is apparently a difficult thing to frame definitions of speculation and gambling which draw the line in exactly the right place. But that, in the language of the Hughes Commission, whose report on the Stock Exchange is a classic document, many of the transactions on the Exchange are "virtually gambling" there can be no question. At any rate, whatever our definitions may be, a considerable amount of the speculation on the Stock Exchange has, for the individual indulging in it and hence the community, all the evil results of gambling. The chief cause of this form of speculation is trading on insufficient margin, and trading by men who cannot afford to lose. The latter practice it is well-nigh impossible to control. To curb the right of the individual to do what he will with his own is rather beyond the province of any private organization of men. But even this practice would be restricted if no brokers would accept orders except upon ample margin. Ten points is probably the usual margin. Many houses make a practice of requiring a twenty-point margin except in unusual cases. But unfortunately not all houses require so much as a ten-point margin. On smaller margins than ten points the danger of being "shaken out" on a comparatively small change of price up or down is a serious one for the customer with small resources. Doing any business on a small margin is a dangerous undertaking, but it is especially so in the business of speculation.

To eliminate from the Stock Exchange dealing on insufficient margins would be to eliminate one of the big sources of loss and suffering. It would go far to remove a stigma that has rested upon the business of dealing in stocks and bonds.

The New York Stock Exchange has undertaken to bring about this elimination. A rule adopted in February of the present year declares that a member accepting an account "without proper and adequate margin" may be proceeded against and disciplined even to the extent of losing his seat. A new committee has been appointed to carry out this rule and others relating to the business conduct of members. This committee is an active one, and steps have already been taken to make effective the rule against insufficient margins. There seems little doubt that the Governing Committee of the Exchange can do much to eliminate this dangerous practice, if it wants to badly enough to take sufficiently drastic action. A good beginning has been made. Perhaps a system of examinations by expert employees of the Exchange of the books of each Stock Exchange house, at unexpected intervals, as National banks are examined, might be established to advantage to deal with this question. The Exchange is trying to curb this evil; if it tries hard enough, it will succeed. It ought to have the full support of public opinion in its endeavors. It ought also to have the continued spur of public opinion toward the improvement of the conditions of trading on the Exchange to the greatest possible degree.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"IN THE SHADOW I SAW A WOMAN STANDING, HER THROAT WHITE AGAINST THE BLACKNESS BEYOND"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LESSON

BY ADRIANA SPADONI

WITH DRAWINGS BY WLADYSLAW BENDA

"*ADDIO, bella Napoli.*" The boy's voice, blended with the wailing notes of the accordion, rose into the still night above the throb of the screw and the wash of water along the stern. An uneasy shiver ran through the huddled group of emigrants.

"*Bene, bene, addio*, land of poverty." A bronze giant shook his great fist to the east.

A woman in a purple head-shawl, holding a baby asleep in her lap, sobbed aloud. The dark, hairy man next to her spoke roughly:

"*Macche*, thou art a fool! What is there to cry for? The beauty of Napoli does not fill the stomach. To-morrow we are in America. Our children will have shoes, like the sons of the rich, and meat to eat."

The girl with the bronze giant laid her hands on his shoulders. "Our little one will be an American; he will never cry for bread."

The little gray eyes of Il Sorcio, the Mouse, darted from one to the other. "So, so, the same dream always. In five, ten years, they think to return, dressed like the *sindaco*." Il Sorcio shrugged his shoulders. "*Bene*, to dream costs nothing."

The group of emigrants moved uneasily. Il Sorcio had been in America before. Perhaps he knew best, after all. The dark, hairy man turned towards him sullenly. "Listen," he said. "For fifteen years we have waited and worked, I and the wife and the children." He glanced down at the woman in the purple shawl, the girl and boy at her side, and the two younger children gathered close in her arms. "We are strong as oxen," he went on. "There is work for all in this America, and for work one is paid. A fool can understand. And I have not wasted fifteen years for nothing."

Il Sorcio cocked his head knowingly. "Fifteen years! Most surely with such a patience thou wilt be rich."

"Even so," said the dark, hairy man, complacently.

The woman in the purple shawl dried her eyes and looked up proudly. The boy Amadeo began again the refrain of his song. Under the white stars the ship moved on towards the land of hope. Hour after hour they sang until at last the boy laid down his accordion to wipe his hot, damp face.

"*Bene.* It is enough. To-morrow there is much to do."

In little groups the listeners went, calling good-night in loud, happy voices. Only Il Sorcio, the boy Amadeo, and the dark, hairy man remained. In a far corner of the deck the bronze giant and his girl wife slept in each other's arms. The boy put down his accordion and spoke to the man who had waited fifteen years. "Tomasso Soracco," he said, "tell me of those many years." His oval face aged with the intensity of his desire. "*Signore*, I, too, must wait for a wish. May the blessed saints grant not so long!"

Il Sorcio drew out a thin black cigar and bit at its end. "*Bene.* Tell of those years. Only pigs sleep on a night like this."

The man nodded slowly. His shoulders straightened. "Perhaps the boy will remember what I shall say—when his wish is slow to come. *Ecco*, I will tell him all.

"I was fourteen, and already I had worked many years in the vineyards dressing the vines like a man. My mother worked also, for my father was dead, and there were three others younger than I. We worked all day in the hot sun, and at night we walked back to the village. We had bread and onions to eat, and grapes, sometimes a little goat's cheese, and on feast days polenta with oil. We worked very hard, and were happy for the heat in the sun and the blue in the sky. When there was not enough to eat, we said an extra prayer and went to bed with the stomachs empty. It was that way for many years. Then the world changed.

"I remember as to-night the day America came into my life, like a bullet shot from a gun. It was warm and blue, and the earth smelled of sun and grapes. I was working, late in the afternoon, on the side of a hill, when I saw all the men in the field running quick to one spot. I dropped my knife and ran too. A cart was coming slowly, drawn by the padrone's red bull, and the wheels of the cart were covered with vine leaves. In the cart sat the padrone, a big black man with a great mustache, and hands that beat the air like the paddles of a wheel. Always he looked very silent and angry; but this day he smiled. Beside him sat a young man

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a suit of black wool, with a black hat, like a black box, upon the head. His hair was shining with oil, and he had a gold ring on the finger. I could not get near the cart, for the others had got there first, and were pushing close. Suddenly they all began to shout and knock each other, trying to take the bull from the cart and draw it themselves. The young man laughed and made motions with the hands so that his gold rings glittered. Then he began to throw money on the ground—handfuls of silver money. We were quiet as death. The man next to me began to pray. We were afraid. The son of the padrone laughed. 'Fools, fools! Do you wait till it makes another crop? In America I pick it up in the street.' Then we fell on the earth and began beating each other for the money. I was little and tried to slip in between their legs and gather the pocket full; but they pushed me with their bare feet, and I got only one small coin. All the time the padrone and the son sat in the cart laughing, very fat and proud, while we went over and over the black earth till it was fine like flour. Then the padrone ordered a holiday in honor of the son who had come back from America with chests of silver and gold, and the cart went away.

"After that the world was no more the same. All day the talk in the fields was only of America, and at night we dreamed. Sometimes the son of the padrone walked among the vines, and we listened as to Christ. He told us of America, where people had meat every day and wore shoes as though it was always a feast day, and of cities with miles of houses all as high as the *campanile*. And there no man could say, 'This shalt thou do, because thy father was a *contadino*,' and there was no king to take the food from the mouth to buy velvet for his nobles. *Dio mio*, it must be like heaven!"

Il Sorcio blew a big puff of strong smoke. "Of a truth, such a country is heaven."

"*Ecco!* At the end of a month the son of the padrone returned to America. Our country was too small for such a fine gentleman. But the words did not go with him. Like seeds in the ground, they stayed with us. Sometimes at night, after many long, hot hours among the vines of the padrone, the mother would say, 'If the good God had not taken thy father, we also would go to America, where there is work for all and money lying in the street. But it is not possible for a woman to do these things, and it is many years before thou art a man.'

"And I cried because it was so long until I should be a man. The warm sun on the hills no longer made us happy. We talked always of America.

"Then my friend Felipe disappeared just before he was called to the army. His mother cried all day and all night and his father said prayers in the church. Many weeks after came word from America. Luigi, the letter-writer of our village, read it aloud in the market-place. The day after Felipe arrived in New York he found work, at six lire the day!"

The boy Amadeo crossed himself quickly. "Six lire! May the saints grant the same to me."

Tomasso smiled. "For us surely is it possible, since Felipe had the brains of a pig.

"Every month Felipe wrote and sent money—ten, twenty lire—so that the old mother no longer worked weaving wool, but sat all day in the sun, like a great lady, in a skirt of fine red cloth. After Felipe, like water dripping from a bucket, the strong young men left the vines.

"Soon the padrone walked in the fields with the eyes black with anger, and he gave us two soldi a day more of his own good heart, to keep us."

Il Sorcio laughed. "Two soldi—it is like the kindness of a millionaire."

"*Che?*" Tomasso Soracco turned inquiringly.

"Nothing," said Il Sorcio. And he laughed again.

"And in the church," continued Tomasso, "the father preached against the wicked Protestant country that sucked the blood of Italy like a leech. He said our young men were selling their souls for gold. We listened quietly, but afterwards, outside in the sun, we were not afraid to talk. What does a fat priest with three good meals a day know of hunger? He has only to chatter mass like a monkey.

"It was three years since the son of the padrone had scattered money on the earth. There were strangers now in the village, stupid men from farther back in the mountains, who worked like pigs in the place of our men who had gone to America. And always in the brain of the mother and myself was the idea, like a mouse in a trap, to come also. But I could not leave the mother and the sisters—all girls, by the mis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fortune from God!—and the mother and I working many hours a day could not earn enough to bring all.

"Then, like a flash from Vesuvio on a black night, a letter came to us from America. With her face white like cloth, the mother ran to Luigi. I see yet my big, strong mother shaking like a branch in the wind as Luigi read. It was from her youngest brother. Many years before he had gone for a soldier. He had never come back. Often the mother had said, 'He died, our beautiful Gino, there in that furnace of an Africa!' Now he wrote from America that often he thought of his sister and the land of the vines. Three nights running he had dreamed of her. For this sign he wrote. He sent a picture of himself and his wife and four fine children. Also he sent forty lire. So!—forty—lire.

"Of that night I remember nothing clear. It was a fever—like seeing the gates of heaven open. *Ecco!*

"For many weeks people came to see the picture, until the mother had to tie it in bee netting to keep it clean. And Luigi asked one whole lire to write an answer to my uncle, for he said he could not write in dialect, but must use fine, long words of good Italian to such a great man. We gave also a candle of pure wax to Saint Anthony, and sewed the rest of the money in a little bag.

"Then one night the mother and I sat alone and talked till day came white, like light through a milky glass. We, too, would leave the vines.

"'We will go down to Napoli,' she said, 'the big city by the sea, where the ships come every day from America. There we will wait. To work more and make less than here is not possible. And it is many days' journey nearer America. *Bene.* Let us start soon.' *Ecco!* such a woman was the mother. So I made a little cart and we put in the mattress and the copper pots and we came down many, many miles from the hills to Napoli. We found a little black room behind the fish shop of Pepe and went there to live and to wait. The mother cooked the food for Pepe and helped also in the shop. In this way we paid no rent. The mother learned to make flowers of paper, and little Gemma, my sister, sold them in the streets, among the foreigners, who often paid more than the price because the little one was so pretty. And I drove the wine cart of Francesco, and we were very happy. The uncle wrote sometimes, and always he sent a present, but never again forty lire, which was right, for he had a wife and four children. We told him of the wish to come to America, and he promised to find work for me and the mother, and also for Carlino. We ate only bread and onions now and a little fish when Pepe gave it, but no more cheese or polenta with oil. The money came slowly into the little sack, but it came. We were happy, so happy together! Then one day the devil put the hand on my back and said, 'You are mine.'"

Tomasso stopped. Il Sorcio drew deeply on his black cigar and waited. The boy at last touched the dark, hairy man on the knee. "Misfortune came to thee?"

Tomasso Soracco started as if he had been drawn back from a great distance. "Bad luck or devil, who knows? I was eighteen now, and I thought only of work, of food, and America. I was happy. On feast days I drank a little wine with my friends, but I had never kissed a girl as a man kisses a woman. My lips were the lips of a child. I was so the day I came to the wine-shop of Francesco. It was dark in the shop. In the shadow I saw a woman standing, her throat white against the blackness beyond, and her breast swelling above her corset. She was laughing at Francesco, her eyes were black stars, her hair like clouds on a windy night. On her head she balanced a basket of flowers—big red flowers like drops of fire. I am thirty, no longer a boy, yet to-night I can still see her face against the blackness of that shop."

"There are many who see such faces," said Il Sorcio. His thin hands moved as though he brushed something from before his eyes. Amadeo leaned closer.

"It happened as it happened. She turned, slow, slow, as one wakes from sleep. She looked at me, and from that moment the evil eye was on me. May the devil fry forever the souls of such women as Lucia!

"I was mad, quite mad. I could not eat, I could not sleep. I went all day with the face of Lucia before the eyes. At night we sat in the warm darkness where we could see the big ships and the sea, and the blood ran like fire through my body. After four weeks—a life—she threw her arms about my neck and said: 'Let us go to America. Thou art too young to have the burden of so many people. Thou hast brains. Thy sisters will marry and have men to care for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them. Already the mother is old—one country is like another then. Together we will soon be rich. I shall wear gold earrings, like the wife of Francesco, and the women who now turn the back will kiss their hand.' With her breath hot on my lips she kissed me.

"I went home. I said to the mother: 'Give me the money in the sack. It is not enough for all. For many years I have worked like a man and thought only of thee and the children. Now I will think for myself.' At first the mother did not understand. Then the face went red like a burning coal and she began to breathe like a kettle without water. We fought with the tongues like two fishermen of the wharves. I was mad, remember, mad. The blood boiled to think of Lucia. In the sack there was enough to take two to America. I pushed the mother aside. I tore the clothes from the bed and took the sack—the hope, the dream, of many years—and ran out of the house."

"*Dio mio!*" The boy gasped.

Il Sorcio shrugged. "For such the devil makes the Lucias."

"I ran to Lucia. She kissed me and rubbed her face against mine as we sat together and counted the money. I see yet the long brown fingers playing with the coins. She whispered and talked to the clinking money, while I looked at the black little curls on the neck and the full breast above the corset. When it was late, we gathered the money into the sack and went down to where the big ships were. Many people were there sleeping among their bags, waiting for the day. I did not know where to go for a ticket, and we walked about for a long time. Then I saw a man with small black eyes looking as if he, too, could not find the place. Lucia sat down and told me to go and ask the man. He listened. He said the office was closed, but he had influence, and if I would wait a little while he would get the ticket.

"I waited, but no one came. It was almost morning before I understood. *Ecco!* In this way a kiss makes a man out of a child.

"I left Napoli that night. I went far into the country, away from the land of the vines where I was born. I had only one thought, to return the money. All day and all night I saw the mother and the little sisters waiting. I prayed for the anger of God to strike the woman who had done this thing to me.

"I would work for a few weeks in a place, and then go away. The smell of the sea I could not bear. To smell the sea was to dream of the Lucia. I tried, too, to find a place where I would hear no more the name America until I could return to the mother and say, 'Forgive me. To-morrow we leave this country that has only the warm sun and the hope of heaven for those who have not the brains to leave her.' For I knew in the heart that if I went alone always would the bad luck follow me. Had I not taken the hope of the good mother and the little sisters and thrown it into the sea? *Ecco!* The memory ate my heart like a rat. But I could not find a place where the name of America was not known. It ran through the country like the roots of a vine under the ground.

"Two months after I ran from Napoli I came to a place where they paid a lira a day for good olive-pressers, men were so scarce. I found work and stayed, living alone, eating only bread and olives, and saving every cent like a Jew to buy back the body of his God. I was strong, and I worked well. I never drank, and when there was dancing and feasting in the square I never looked to the girls, but kept my head cool.

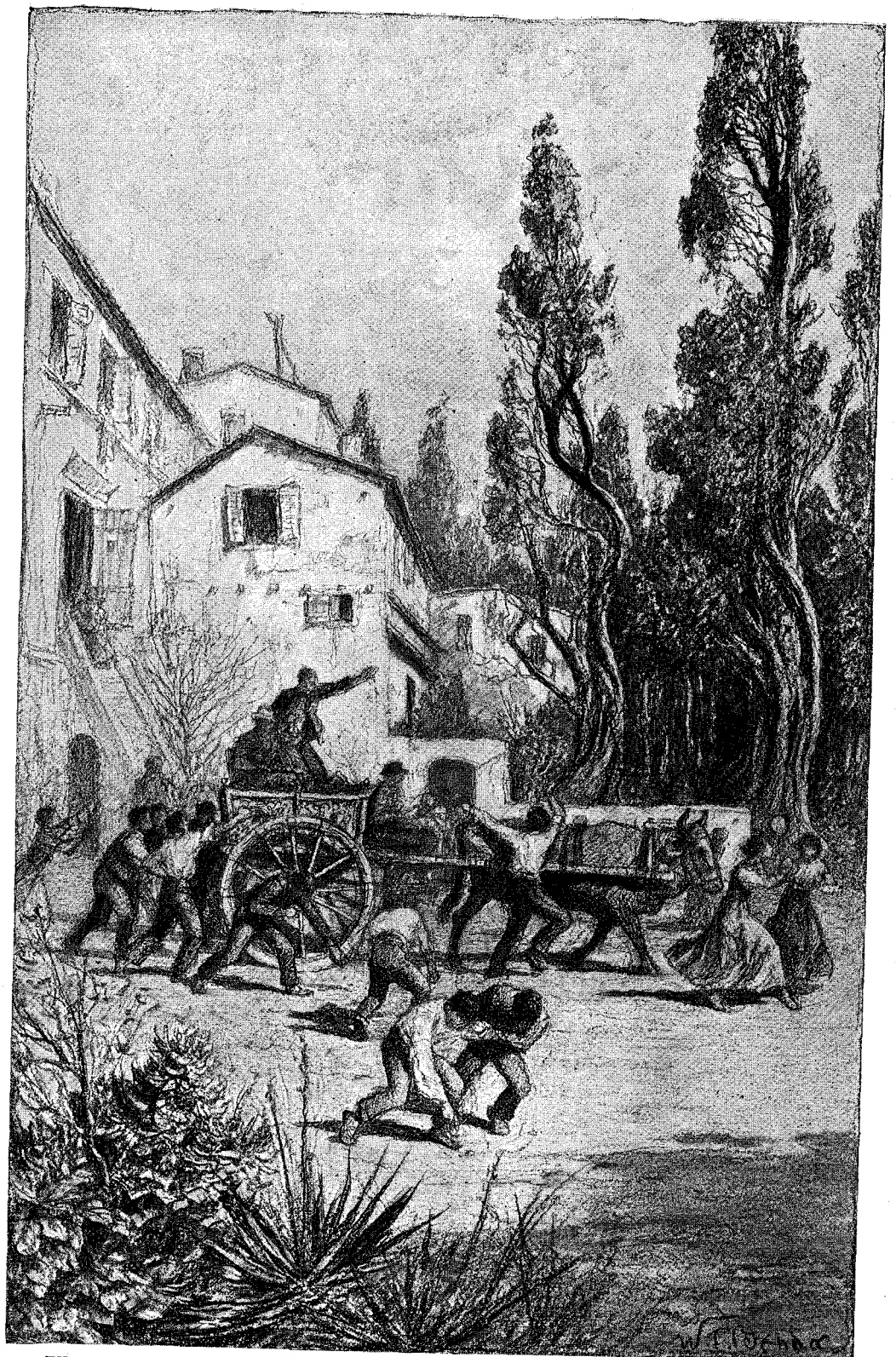
"One day, when I had been working six months, my master came to me and said: 'Thou workest well. I have been watching. Thou art young, but hast a good head, not like the crazy boys who dream only to leave the old country, so that the olives burst without men to press them and the vines die. Thou hast seen my daughter. She is not beautiful, but she is good, my Maria. If thou wilt marry with her, I will give one hundred lire, for all the young men go from the land, and I grow old. Think of what I say.' I thought for one night. Then I went and asked for the hand of his daughter."

The boy sighed and looked out into the wake of the ship.

Il Sorcio laughed. "*Bene!* It is so in this world. The Lucias first. After them, the Marias."

Tomasso Soracco nodded. "She is good as an angel, my Maria, and strong as an ox. The day we were married the father gave one hundred lire. When I tied the neck of the little sack, hope was born again in the heart. We worked like slaves. I dreamed now to go soon to the mother and say, 'Forgive me. It was not thy Tomasso who did that wickedness. We will all go to America.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THEN HE BEGAN TO THROW MONEY ON THE GROUND—HANDFULS OF SILVER MONEY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The years shall be full of happiness!' I said nothing to the father or Maria. I kept the thought hidden like a miser his gold.

"Then the olives failed. We sat one night and looked to each other and the old man cried with his head on the table. I untied the little sack. One must live. That was a bad year. Men ran from the empty earth like rats from a sinking ship. There were now four—myself, the old man, Maria, and the little Carmela. We worked, but God was angry with the land.

"The next year was no better. And now we were five, for Maria had given me my first son, the little Michele. I worked now like a dog, without thinking. I was like a slave with the whip of the master at his back. Once I had had America in my hands and had thrown my chance away. I fought to win for my son what I had lost. He should not grow up like a pig. He was bright, even at one year, my little Michele. In America he might be a deputy, even a *sindaco*, and say to other men, 'So shalt thou do and so.'

"Then they called me for the army. I had no money to pay another man, and men were scarce. I kissed my wife, once for herself and once for the little one that was coming. Carmela and Michele I held long in my arms and cried, and went to serve the King I had never seen. Those years I will never forget. I had enough to eat. That is all. Many times I dreamed of the mother. One night I had a strange dream. I saw my mother come towards me while I lay in bed. She walked slow, dragging the feet like one sick. She tried to speak to me, but I could not hear her voice. The next night I dreamed the same dream, and the next night, and the next. Then I went to La Vecchia, who lived in a hole in the wall, and paid five soldi for the meaning of my dreams. She said my mother had big news for me and that I must write. So I went to the letter-writer, but when I tried to tell him my tongue was all dry, and I came away without the letter. Because I had only three months more in the army I said: 'I will wait. Then I will take Maria and the babies and go to the mother. If I live to be one thousand years and work with twenty hands, never can I make enough from the earth.' I had dreamed to return the money first, but for my punishment I must go with nothing.

"After that the heart was lighter. I began again to plan how we would all live together and work, and in a few years we would come to America. Three months later I went home and took my second son in the arms. Then I told the father of Maria that we were going to Napoli, and, as soon as there was the money, to America. I grew young again in my hope. It seemed so simple now. After two years at that stupid soldier business my muscles cried for work. The old man was angry. He bellowed like a mad bull. He cried that he would die among the olives, and cursed me. Very soon after, we left.

"It was night before I had courage to go to the shop of Pepe. Gemma sat inside with a fat baby in her lap. When she saw me, she screamed and almost dropped the baby. I shook her and told her of the past before she believed. Then she told me how, as I had run from the house with the sack, the mother had gone down like a tree that is cut. She had never walked after. She said always that I was in America and that some day I would send for them, for I was a good boy and had loved them. The next year the uncle had died and no more money had come from America. Gemma had married with Pepe. Maria had married and gone back to the country of the vines. She was very poor, and her baby crawled about in the sun without clothes. Elizabetta made lace and hoped to marry with Giuseppe, who sold fagots. They were all poor and dirty and happy, without thought, like animals. Sometimes Gemma and Pepe carried the mother where she could see the ships and the sea, and she cried, whispering, 'Some day he will come. He was a good son.'

"I went in, and found the mother sitting alone. She was shrunken and old, like a leaf without moisture. She was not surprised. She took my head in her arms and cried. She was mad with joy for Carmela and Michele and the little Beppo. For a little while she grew young again. We talked of America. 'He will be a great man, the little Michele,' she would say, stroking the black curls of my son. 'Already he is smarter than these stupid Neapolitans.' It was so for six months. Then, like a candle that flares suddenly for a little while before it goes out, she died. We gave a fine mass and a little stone in the Campo Santo.

"For the third time I began to save the money for America. That was three years ago.

"To-morrow we put the feet in America, thanks to the goodness of God, who gave us the strength of oxen—*Ecco!* It is told."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The boy sat with his arms clasped about his knees. Il Sorcio's little twinkling eyes watched Tomasso through the smoke. At last Il Sorcio threw away the end of the cigar.

"Thou art a wonderful man, with such strength and such patience. Without a doubt thou wilt find a fine job. But—perhaps—already thou hast one."

Tomasso spread his open palms in denial. "A fine job—before we even arrive! That is too much. But I have hope."

"*Macche!*" Il Sorcio opened his little eyes in surprise. "That is not a miracle. In that land of haste all things are possible." If thou wishest—but perhaps—thou knowest men—of influence—"

"Not a soul. I—"

Il Sorcio drew close. His voice dropped, excluding Amadeo. "*Bene!* I have been in America ten years, and I have friends. There is one, a man of much power with the Government. For love of me and a little—ten lire, a nothing"—Il Sorcio's fingers gathered an atom of nothingness from the night—"he will give thee a job, ten lire a day to begin. If thou wishest I will arrange so."

"Santa Maria!" Tomasso Soracco's lips twitched. He choked back a sob. "Always—have—I known so. With the feet in America luck will change. Thy kindness I shall not forget." His fingers trembled with excitement as he counted the money into Il Sorcio's hand. "One—thousand—thanks. Thou art—"

"*Macche!* It is nothing—a little favor for a friend, a countryman." Il Sorcio folded the money carefully into his wallet and stood up. "But now one must sleep, or to-morrow we have not clear heads, and in this most wonderful country we need heads so—clear, very clear. *Ecco!*"

As he climbed into his berth Il Sorcio touched Tomasso's money lightly. "*Bene!* If not I, another. Why not mine as well as another's? He has much to learn of America, this Tomasso!"

A second story, entitled "A Great Man," in a series of three by Adriana Spadoni, will follow in a later issue

UP FROM THE MEADOW

BY J. DONALD ADAMS

A bird's song in the meadow
Comes up the hill to me,
And I will find that glad, brave bird,
Wherever he may be.

Down the hill of daisies, with their drooping heads of white,
Among the lank, dry grasses, under the broad sunlight,
I hear and follow the high sweet call.
On the parched air of August noon
The instant cooling accents fall
With silver softness like the moon.

Up through the golden veil of early-apple days
I mount the hill-top, and across the haze
Of midday summer sun
A flash of feather stirs the air,
And a new song's begun.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATURE MONTH BY MONTH

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL

JULY—BUTTERFLY DAYS

WE are now at the noontide of the calendar. The rains have ceased save an occasional thunder-shower. The woods are deep in the shadow of completed foliage, the roads and paths grow dusty, and the rambler seeks the watercourses and tries to read the "books in the running brooks." The shimmering fields, where haying has begun, no longer resound to the merry music of the bobolink, medlark, and sparrow, and we say that the birds are too languid to sing in this heated air. That is partly true, no doubt, yet the main reason for the comparative silence is that the musicians are no longer inspired by the eagerness of courtship, but, the season of nesting finished, are away by themselves in selfish freedom, or else are busy helping the little mothers to feed and guard the fledglings whose peeping is heard along every roadside. Yet the tinkling prattle of the indigo finch, the *chuck-ch-r-r-r!* of the tanager, the gentle questioning of vireos, as indifferent as they are industrious, the plaintive calling of doves, and other bird-notes, sound all day above the undertone of insect noise; and in the early morning and again at evening's dusk a sweet concert still salutes our ears.

The mammals, like the birds, keep out of sight even more than before, save such familiar ones as the warmth-loving squirrels and woodchucks of the East and the Western gophers. "Let us not forget, however," as I have elsewhere written, "that on moonlit nights, as harvest-time approaches and the evening chime of the veery fades on our reluctant hearing, the raccoons, muskrats, and big squirrels by twos and threes are slyly studying the progress of the cornfields, and presently will be fattening on the milky ears." Meanwhile they nibble eagerly at the agarics which are pushing up through the dry soil in profusion and bewildering variety.

Now is the heyday of insect life. Threading the aisles of the miniature forest of grass and herbage beneath our feet, searching the bark and thronging amid the leafage of trees, or burrowing beneath the ground, insects are active and innumerable. Wasps, in their houses of paper or clay, are tending increasing families, filially aided by each daughter as she comes of age; ants are at the height of their industry; and every-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where, as summer advances, spiders embroider with silken lace all the grasses, rocks, and old woodwork of the farm. Such busybodies as these may attract little notice; but no one can overlook or fail to enjoy the lepidoptera. Everywhere you go butterflies dance before your steps, or rise and dip and curvette in the bright air about your head, while at night the moths flock to your lighted windows, equally delicate but less gay of hue, as befits beings whose life is mainly passed in darkness. "Summer," remarks Scudder, "with blazing sun and diversified blossoms, brings us the hot-looking coppers, and all that dappled band of fritillaries and angle-wings, blocked in red and black above, and often variegated by odd dashes and spots of burnished silver, or by peacock-eyes beneath. How they crowd about the thistles, spreading thistle-blossoms, or on the many-flowered umbels of the milkweed, and fan themselves with content at their sweet lot."

But, as has been said, it is the quiet stream or shaded pond which especially attracts the rambler now; and what beauty arises from the dark mud of many a weedy pool! Rosy lilies, the dancing snowflakes of the water-ranunculus, golden buttercups setting off the rich violet-purple of the water-hyacinth, and, alongshore, prince of all the pond-side, the scarlet spikes of the cardinal-flower. Here and there over the smooth surface dart and glide the skater-beetles, and over all zig-zag innumerable dragon-flies, throwing metallic reflections, blue, green, and bronze, from their burnished armor and gauzy wings.

There are a thousand things to be studied in the cool water, but most conspicuous are the nests of the sunfishes, the commonest example of which is the mottled, orange-finned pumpkin-seed. They are most brilliant of hue and at their best now; and all are near the shore of their pond, depositing their eggs in saucer-shaped nests of sand and pebbles, or guarding them with jealous care. The black bass do the same; and one may sometimes find a dozen of their nests side by side, over each of which is poised a vigilant male, steadily fanning away with golden wings the moving sand or falling sediment lest it defile the eggs, and darting out to frighten into flight some predatory or too inquisitive fish or other swimmer which threatens the beloved home. Later, when the fry have hatched, the watchful parents keep them together in their inexperience, guide the flock into sheltered places among the weeds, and guard them as a collie does his sheep against the many wolves of the water.

Equally assiduous and watchful are the ugly little bullheads, whose refuges are holes in the bank into which they drive their young when danger threatens, and place themselves at the door, looking out with staring eyes and menacing barbels like a grim ogre at the gateway of a magic castle. In the same quiet waters the yellow perch are leaving black dots of eggs hanging upon the weeds and submerged sticks in long glutinous strings like silver ribbons. Now, too, many marine fishes are spawning among the rocks or eel-grass of northern coasts, and sea-angling is at its best.

Snakes and turtles are hiding their leathery eggs in the warm earth; and—but—a large book would not tell all that is going on in this midsummer world.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AIRCRAFT AND THE FUTURE

BY WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY VINCENT LYNCH

ALMOST every important European city has its Old Town and its New Town, each expressing the cultural ideas of its period in the character of its architecture and its streets. In their time the width of a saddle-horse, of a Sedan chair, and of a coach have determined the width of the thoroughfares of the Old Town, and the traffic in the thoroughfares in turn determined the sizes of shops, inns, and other quasi-public buildings. So, too, the width of the tram-car has resulted in giving us the broader avenues of the New Town, and the increased carrying capacity of the tram-car has, in turn, so increased the width of streets that buildings were designed with accommodations far more ample than those of the corresponding structures of the Old Town. If evolution in transportation is thus accompanied by a corresponding evolution in municipalities, what may we expect when aircraft have been so far perfected that air journeys may be undertaken as safely as automobile tours and railway excursions?

HOW THE LIMITATIONS OF THE AEROPLANE WILL AFFECT THE FUTURE CITY

An aeroplane is like any soaring bird of prey in this: It cannot leap into the air straight from the ground. A cage completely open at the top will serve to confine a vulture. Before he can fly he must be in motion. In other words, he must run along the ground at constantly increasing speed until the pressure of the air beneath his wings becomes great enough to support him. He is in no better position than a boy's kite, which can be raised on a calm day only by much assiduous running against the breeze.

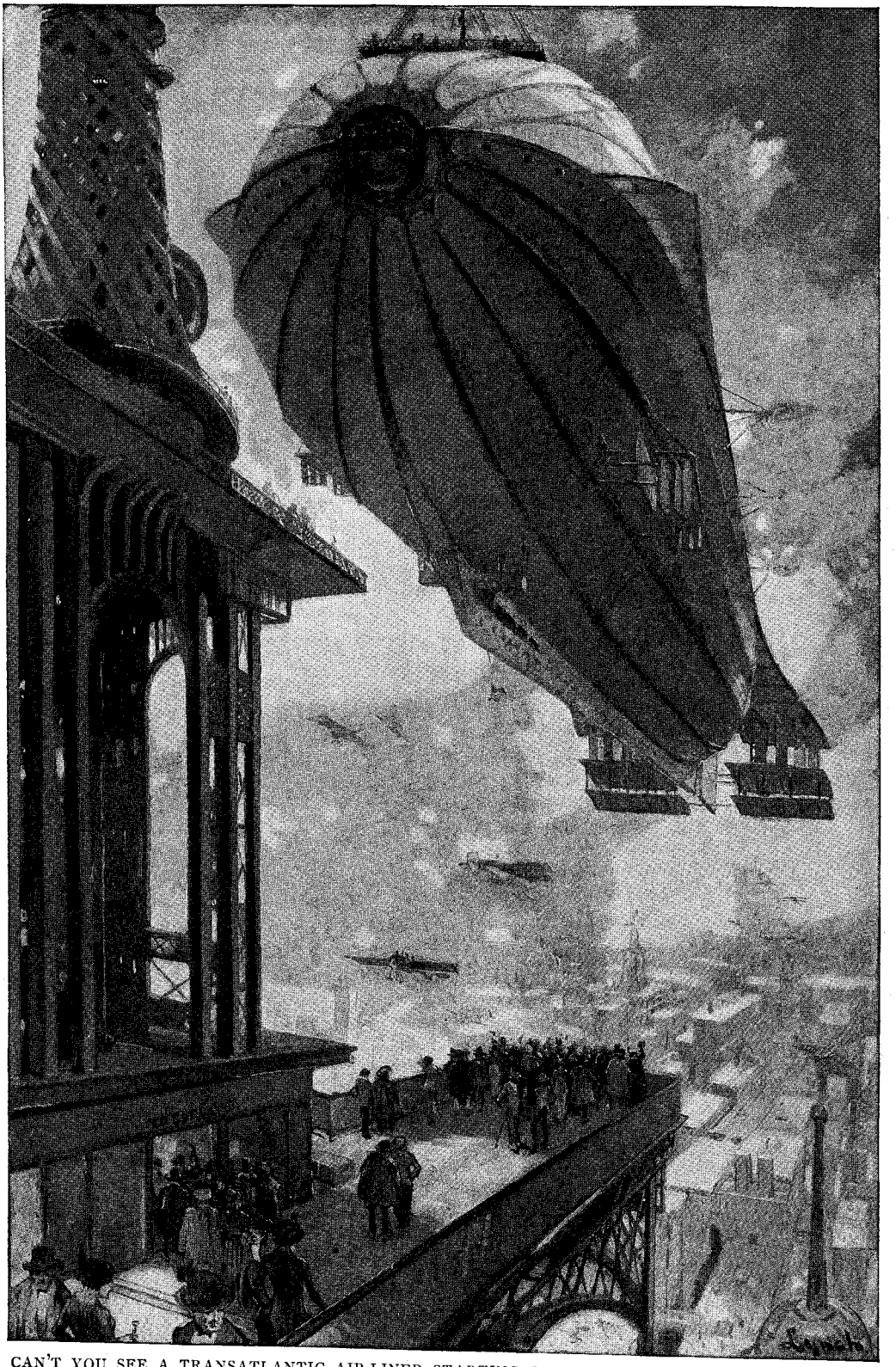
Consider the aeroplane as a motor-driven kite, in which the pull or the thrust of a screw takes the place of the string, or consider it as a mechanical vulture, and it becomes apparent that it cannot leap straight up into the air, that it must first be propelled along the ground at automobile speed. Add to the necessity of acquiring rapid preliminary motion not only the disadvantage of size—most flying-machines have a spread of about thirty to forty feet—but also the enormous difficulty of rising above tall buildings in the teeth of the inevitable eddies and maelstroms of air, which, could we but see them, would seem fearfully like the torrents that boil and rage in the Whirlpool Rapids of Niagara, and even the man who has never ridden on the atmosphere, and who has only a vague notion of the incessant vigilance and the acrobatic skill required to keep a machine on an even keel, will realize that muncipalities must adapt themselves to the limitations of the aeroplane, if we are to fly from the heart of one city to that of another. Even were it possible to utilize the broadest avenues, the hurricane set up by a propeller that whirls around at a speed of twelve hundred revolutions a minute, so that it seems like a solid glittering disk, would be intolerable. You ask, Why not turn to the lawns of our public parks? Because the few green open spaces provided for a population of a million or more, even if they could be encroached upon without encountering stubborn resistance, would be neither numerous nor large enough to meet the requirements of hundreds of aviators waiting for an opportunity to vault into the air, or, wheeling in wide circles, ready to snatch the first chance to alight.

If streets cannot be used because the aviator may be buffeted by treacherous currents against stone walls, and if park lawns are too few, obviously only the roof is left. Housetops, then, must be adapted to the needs of aerial navigation. That end will be achieved far more easily than may be supposed.

STARTING AND ALIGHTING ROOFS FOR AEROPLANES

In the first place, the chasms that separate buildings on the opposite sides of streets and yards will be bridged by gratings, which will cut off but little light and air; and, in the second place, the chimney-pots and ventilating-pipes that now adorn housetops, designed before the aeroplane arrived, will be surmounted by wooden platforms, each carried on a light steel framework. New buildings will be constructed to meet the special requirements of the aviator. In the metropolis of the future, therefore, those quarters in which structures are of approximately equal height

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CAN'T YOU SEE A TRANSATLANTIC AIR-LINER STARTING ON ITS VOYAGE SIMPLY BY FLOATING OFF WITH THE WIND OR BY BACKING OFF WITH REVERSED PROPELLERS?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will be covered by single roofs, each perhaps a square mile in area and more.

Equally simple of solution is the problem of housing the thousands of flying-machines that will throng the air. Some of the many-floored automobile garages of the present city could be employed for the storing of flying-machines. If a military machine of our own day can be taken apart and packed in a motor van in less than ten minutes, no remarkable prophetic gift is required to foresee a machine which, when collapsed, will occupy less room than a seven-passenger touring car of 1913, and which can be lifted to the roof by an elevator of the type now to be found in every city garage.

FLORIDA BECOMES A WINTER CONEY ISLAND FOR THE CITY OF NEW YORK

The railway created the modern suburb—made it a residential part of the city on the outskirts of which it is built. Similarly, the flying-machine will bring the city and country measurably nearer each other. Let us not forget that even in our own time, with machines that will seem childishly crude a century hence, speeds of more than one hundred miles an hour have been attained. It is not too daring to predict that farm-houses will become suburban cottages; that the scattered population of rural districts will become direct customers of the city merchant; that the lecturer, the virtuoso, the lawyer, the banker, will all be able to increase their clientele. Because of its great speed and its radius of action, the future aeroplane will be able to cover the distance between New York and Chicago in a few hours. It is not inconceivable that a man may breakfast in New York or London and dine the same evening in St. Louis or Rome. The inhabitants of towns far inland will spend their summer holidays at the seashore. Florida will become a kind of winter Coney Island for New York.

When the age of the aeroplane and the air-ship really comes, new political problems will arise. What, for example, will become of our present tariff laws? Can we prevent smuggling in a machine that travels in three dimensions? When Selmet flew from London to Paris, some months ago, he entered the French capital above the clouds and saw only a sea of mist with no sign of a spire or roof. When he landed at Issy-les-Moulineaux, on the outskirts of the city, he had to explain at length who he was. Even in this twentieth century, when flying-machines are still novelties, he was mistaken for the pilot of an ordinary school aeroplane returning from a short outing. *En route* he had made two landings. No one had noticed them. Nor was his course through the air more narrowly observed, simply because he was hidden by clouds. When the atmosphere becomes in truth a highway, and the whirring of an aeroplane's propellers as common as the chugging of an automobile motor, will it be possible to prevent the smuggling of jewels, laces, and silks, and those smaller, easily carried articles of luxury, now subject to an import tax by many countries? Or will it be possible, by policing the atmosphere above the border line, to prevent violation of the customs laws?

POLICING THE AIR

Policing of some kind will surely be necessary above European fortifications, now jealously guarded from the eyes of the military spy. It is not likely that the long line of fortresses on either side of the boundary that separates France from Germany may be sailed over without calling forth a warning signal from a sentinel wheeling with clock-like regularity over that region, which a hostile eye may not study.

Over cities, too, the aerial sentry or policeman will be found. A thousand aeroplanes flying to the opera must be kept in line and each allowed to alight upon the roof of the auditorium in its proper turn. In giant circles you can imagine them soaring in a huge flock. Signals will be made by a policeman in a swift monoplane (on his arm he wears the orange wings of the aerial traffic squad), and one by one the machines of the box-holders will separate from the great spinning cluster and glide down. A liveried attendant will assist the passengers as they clamber out.

So every hotel, office building, and dry-goods store must see to it that its roof is utilized in an orderly way by the flocks of aerial taxicabs and private machines. If a faulty motor compels an immediate descent, an emergency signal will be given; by day, a rocket that leaves a trail of black smoke; by night, a flash of light conspicuous in color.

How can the man in the air pick out the roof for which he is bound? A dozen ways of disentangling roof from roof immediately suggest themselves. Colors and numbers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will probably be employed in some distinctive way, and perhaps painted geometrical designs (squares, circles, and triangles) will serve to distinguish public aerial garages, hotels, and theaters from one another. The elevator platforms on which machines will be lifted will surely be painted a vivid color, contrasting with that of the roof itself, and an attendant will be constantly on duty to signal to those in the air when they may descend and use the elevator.

Quick to awaken to the possibilities of the roof will be the advertiser. He will plaster it, whenever he can do so without misleading the airman, with pictures and legends, proclaiming the virtues of his pills and soaps, his breakfast foods and his safety razors. The signs which now flank every railway, and which inform the passenger that the particular marsh at which he is languidly gazing is "ten miles from Bloomer's Emporium," will find their counterparts in huge advertisements that lie flat on their backs and stare up at the population of the atmosphere. In their horizontal position they will be as useful as the vertical sign erected for the benefit of the railway traveler, for they, too, will indicate the proximity of a town, and serve as guide-posts for the aerial navigator.

GUIDING THE MAN WHO SAILS THE ATMOSPHERE

Indeed, the guiding of the airman will become so highly important that governments will set about the task of mapping the ocean of air as carefully as ever the waters about a rocky coast have been charted. With the aid of a compass and an official map (a band, perhaps a hundred feet long, which can be unrolled from one cylinder upon another beneath a sheet of transparent celluloid, and which will clearly indicate the position of church spires, telegraph and telephone wires, forests, railways, and tall factory chimneys) the aerial navigator will pick his way through the blue.

But suppose that it is night, or that a dense fog veils the terrain below? Is he helpless? Not when a really efficient set of wireless instruments has been invented for the use of aviators. He will clap his wireless receiver to his head and listen for the guiding signals of the nearest government transmitter of aerial waves. Every little village will have its wireless station, electrically controlled from a central weather bureau or geographical office hundreds of miles away. Only in the droning central station will operators be found, for automatic instruments will send out the signals from the smaller stations, instruments that are mechanically or electrically controlled, just as United States Naval Observatory time is now transmitted from a master clock to hundreds of timepieces.

All this applies to the air-ship as well as to the flying-machine. For, although the giant Zeppelins of our time were destroyed with disheartening regularity, it must not be supposed that the aeroplane will completely displace the dirigible. Count von Zeppelin's leviathans have come to grief, not in the air, but when anchored near the ground in a gale. A stranded schooner, battered by huge waves against a reef, is in a predicament only a shade worse than that of a Zeppelin anchored in a hurricane. The Zeppelin is not simply hammered and twisted, but is also exposed to the dangers of static electricity generated by friction. A single electric spark has been known to ignite the highly explosive buoyant gas with which the envelope compartments of a Zeppelin are filled, and to reduce a vessel costing one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to a chaos of twisted metal.

TETHERING THE GIANT DIRIGIBLE OF THE FUTURE

To guard against such accidents, steel towers have been latterly proposed (a small one has even been erected in England), from the tops of which the ships may swing with the wind like so many weather-vanes. High above the roofs of the future city, higher even than the tallest office buildings of the present, these towers are destined to loom—Eiffel towers padded at the top to prevent injury to the ships in possible collisions. They will not be erected haphazard, with no regard to their location in the city, but, lest they interfere with aerial traffic, they will fringe the city like the steamship wharves of the present.

In your mind's eye can't you see the elevators conveying passengers upward through the maze of steel girders to the great ships tethered above, casting enormously long shadows on the roofs and streets below? Can't you see a transatlantic air-liner starting on its voyage simply by floating off with the wind or by backing off with reversed propellers? Can't you see another approaching a tower very closely against the wind? Can't you see the first thin rope cast from the ship uncoiling like a long serpent? Can't you

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

see the hawser tied to that rope hauled in? Can't you hear the gong that tells the engineer to reverse his propellers, so that the ship may be stopped almost instantly and made fast?

Surely the mooring of a future air-liner will be fully as impressive, fully as spectacular, fully as ceremonious as the mooring of a Lusitania. It will even be exciting in a gale; for, if the wind is blowing with a velocity greater than the maximum speed of the ship, it is not difficult to imagine the captain approaching the tower stern first on the windward side, slowly drifting back with the gale, against which he is running with the propellers revolving at full speed.

As they disembark the passengers will all pass up into the tapering nose of the envelope, out through a door, and step upon a platform which swings with the ship in the wind.

All the experience of the present justifies the assumption that both aeroplanes and air-ships will cleave the air. How big will they be? To the size of the air-ship there is no theoretical limit. Indeed, the bigger it is the more economically can it be operated. If there were any good reason for doing so, and if the passenger demands of the present were great enough, Count von Zeppelin could no doubt design a dirigible longer than any trans-atlantic liner, and drive it from Sicily to Liverpool and back on a schedule that could be maintained with fair regularity, even with the imperfect meteorological data at present supplied by weather bureaus. But the aeroplane, on the other hand, is not capable of unlimited magnification. It is not likely that it will ever carry more than five or seven passengers. High-speed monoplanes will carry even less. Compared with them biplanes and triplanes—both good weight lifters and carriers—will seem as lumberingly slow as a sightseeing automobile.

AIRCRAFT IN THE WAR OF THE FUTURE

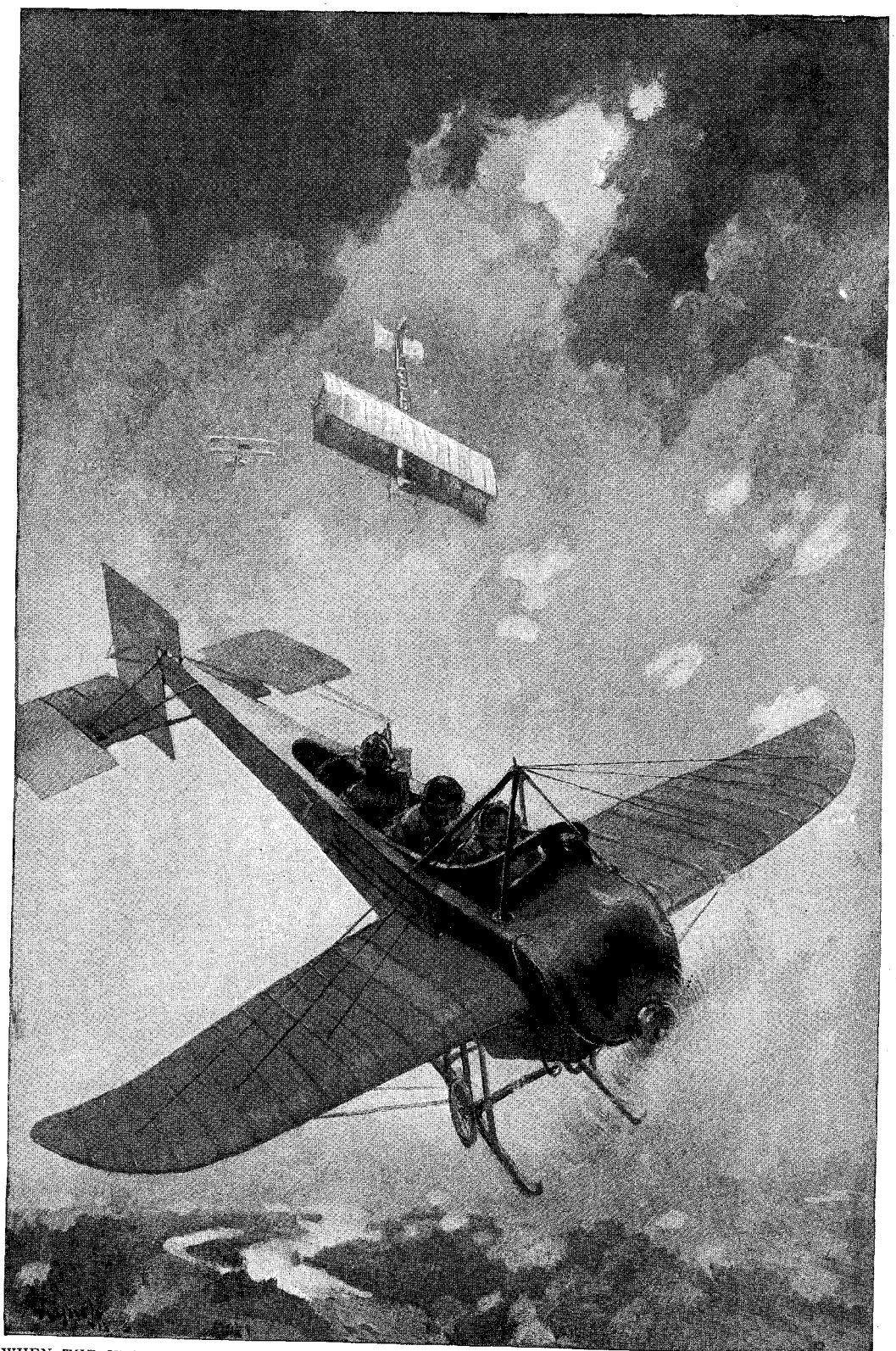
Long before these changes will be effected, aircraft will so far have changed our methods of fighting that an entirely new science of warfare will have been created. In less than half a century combats will be fought in three dimensions instead of in two. The experience gained in the great European military maneuvers and in the Tripolitan campaign clearly indicates that.

Above all, a new system of tactics must be invented. Captain Bellenger, of the French army, an officer who has had much practical experience, maintains that an enemy can no longer conceal his movements. He will be compelled to move. Forced marches, in Bellenger's opinion, will become the rule—dense masses of troops hurrying on almost blindly in order to escape the attack that must inevitably follow detection by a watchful eye in the air. In forced marches Bellenger sees the salvation of many a future army corps.

All this assumes inactivity on the part of the aircraft. Have we any reason to suppose that a brigade can escape destruction merely by a forced march? Suppose that a great air-ship, plunging through the air at express-train speed at a low elevation above the long, writhing, sweating, toiling serpent of men, necessarily marching in close formation—suppose that an air-ship should drop two hundred bombs, one bomb every hundred yards. Who can describe the frightful panic that would ensue? The attack has come so swiftly that there has been no time to prepare for it. All eyes will be directed toward the vessel. No one will notice the bombs until their awful explosions reveal the true purpose of the aerial visitation. Even if the roar of rapidly succeeding explosions apprises the officers further ahead of an impending attack, and even if the *morale* of the men is such that they can be brought to fire, there will hardly be time enough for more than one shot per man. Riddled though it may be with a thousand bullets, a rigid Zeppelin can still keep afloat. Indeed, there may be difficulty in keeping it down because of the bomb-weight that has been discarded. Each bullet hole will have a diameter less than that of an ordinary gas-burner. With no pressure, the twenty thousand cubic meters of gas in a Zeppelin will escape so slowly that there will be ample time, if not to reach headquarters, at least to land in a safe zone near a railway, so that fresh gas and new ballonets can be hurried to it.

Aeroplanes, too, will be used in the war of the future. Perhaps, as some German officers have suggested, they may be employed as auxiliaries to the larger air-ship, which, because of its greater radius of action, may assume the task of locating the general position of a huge hostile army, leaving to the swift aeroplane the task of studying the position and strength of individual batteries and brigades. Perhaps, too, it may be possible to conceal aeroplanes behind a clump of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WHEN THE UNSTEADY MUZZLE-SIGHT RESTS FOR AN INSTANT UPON IT THE TRIGGER IS PULLED. THE EFFECT IS MAGICAL. FOR AN INSTANT THE BIPLANE SEEMS TO HOVER LIKE A WOUNDED BIRD. THEN IT PLUNGES DOWN, DOWN, WITH VERTIGINOUS SPEED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trees (flying-machines are not so easily detected as bodies of troops at an elevation of two thousand feet and more) and to have them whir off to their tasks in response to the signals of air-ships that have performed the preliminary work. At all events, despite the bomb-dropping exploits of the Italians in North Africa, scouting will be the chief function of the aeroplane in war.

Much of the slaughter that attended the siege of Port Arthur centered about the capture of an eminence that has passed into history as "203-Meter Hill." The Japanese wanted that eminence, not to plant guns upon it, but to station on its commanding top a few men who could direct the fire of the Japanese batteries. Time and time again 203-Meter Hill changed hands. When the Japanese captured it for good the fate of Port Arthur was sealed. A skillfully handled aeroplane would have accomplished the same result more expeditiously, and hundreds of Russians and Japanese who gave up their lives in the fierce struggles that were waged to hold that hill would be alive to-day.

The battles of the next century will not be devoid of picturesque incidents; but bloody scouting expeditions, frightful battles about 203-Meter Hills, will be conspicuously few. Those wars will not be so aeronautically one-sided as the Turkish-Italian conflict or the struggle in the Balkans. Each commander will have his aeroplanes, and each will bend every effort to destroy the machines of the other. Victory will probably rest with the side that has the most numerous and the swiftest flotilla of machines; for number means ability to sacrifice machines in the effort to obtain information, and swiftness means ability to escape uninjured with the information obtained. The general who has lost his last aeroplane will be at the mercy of an adversary who knows where every battery, where every company of infantry and cavalry, is placed.

From this it follows that means must be devised to destroy aeroplanes. Special artillery has been designed for that purpose; but its effectiveness may be doubted. True, the Russian aviator Popoff was brought down by shrapnel in the Balkan campaign, but it is not known how low he was flying.

There is nothing for it but to arm the aeroplane with light machine guns and to pit machine against machine in the air. If the elaborate experiments of the French count for anything, three-seated aeroplanes will be employed in war—three-seated because there must be a pilot to operate the machine, an officer who will study the enemy below, and a gunner who will fight off attack. The click of that officer's camera-shutter may be the death-warrant of a whole regiment below; the touch of his pencil on the page of a note-book may spell destruction to a stronghold.

Assume that some years hence a three-seated machine will be designed in which all military requirements are fulfilled, and assume that two armies, the Reds and the Blues, face each other, each having its aerial corps of trained pilots, gunners, and officers. How will the machines be handled?

Back of a crest of hills a battery of artillery has been planted by the Reds. One hour after sunrise there is a single dull, heavy report. A shell whistles through the air. A Red lieutenant on the eminence above the battery raises his glass and watches. Five thousand yards away a group of white huts with thatched roofs lie huddled together. The Red lieutenant sees a little upheaval in one of the huts—a little splash, as it were—and then flames and smoke from a burning roof. The shell has found its mark and done its work.

"All right," says the Red lieutenant. Whereupon a soldier at his side picks up a field telephone and informs the commander of the battery that the test shot has found the range. Five minutes later the air is split with ten sharp detonations, and as many shells rush toward the white huts; for a little behind them lies the first of seven lines of outposts back of which the Blues are intrenched.

To be fired on by concealed guns is not pleasant. There is no way of retaliating. If the battery behind the hills is to be silenced its position must be accurately known. A Blue captain of infantry leaps into an automobile and dashes off to the north. Fifteen minutes later he salutes the Commander-in-Chief and reports that unless the Red fire is silenced, which is impossible without knowing the position of the hostile guns, the first line of defenses must be abandoned at once. The Blue general calls an officer and orders him to ascertain the number and position of the guns behind the hills.

Into a waiting monoplane three men clamber. In front is the pilot; behind him, in a line, sit a Blue captain of the Aerial Corps, and a man whose duty it is to manipulate a machine gun. The engine is started. It

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spits and splutters and then settles down to a steady purr. The monoplane throbs like a gigantic, living bird, with wings outspread, ready to leap into the air. Such is the speed of the eight-foot propeller that it seems more like a solid disk glittering in the morning sun than two wooden blades spinning at the rate of fourteen hundred revolutions a minute. Six soldiers hold the machine in leash, digging their heels into the earth and straining every muscle against the pull of the whirling propeller.

The Blue captain taps the shoulder of the pilot in front of him twice—the signal that all is ready. Next he raises his hand, and the six men that hold the machine back release their grip. For perhaps a hundred yards the monoplane bowls over the turf at railway speed, gathering momentum for its leap into the air. The pilot pulls a lever. Instantly the elevating rudder tilts up ever so slightly, and the machine vaults from the ground like a vulture.

Once in the air the pilot knows better than to wing his way directly to the battery behind the hills. Sixty miles an hour is fast—faster than any hawk or eagle can fly. But the machine is big—so big that at low elevations an enemy's machine guns might bring it down with ease. And so the pilot climbs up and up in great circles. He looks at the barometer. It falls as the machine rises. Five hundred feet, a thousand, fifteen hundred, two thousand, he reads. At last the aneroid indicates three thousand feet. Now he knows that he is safe, for at that height the monoplane, despite its spread, seems like a sparrow from below. Only by a miracle could a shot fired from the ground strike it.

Straight for the battery concealed behind the crest the machine now speeds. Below lies the battlefield—the trenches, the tents, the cavalry, the infantry, the baggage trains of the Blues, all more like a child's tin panoply of war than a nation's picked men under arms. That yellow ribbon trailing off to the north is a road. The two bright filaments strung with mathematical straightness from east to west are the steel tracks of railway, and the long serpent that crawls upon them and vomits smoke from its head is a freight train. The white shimmering thread that winds through the green fields and is lost in the mist is a stream. Its source lies somewhere among the hills toward which the machine is rushing.

Perched on his eminence, watching the effect of the shells scattering death among the outposts of the Blues, sits the Red lieutenant. He has seen the Blue monoplane screwing its way up and up beyond the range of rifles and machine guns. Long before the aeroplane has reached a safe height he has telephoned its coming to headquarters. No occult powers are needed to divine its purpose. If the battery is to continue its deadly work, that giant bird of the air, soaring on at railway speed, must be stopped at any cost.

Just as the Blue monoplane reaches the crest of the hill, two three-seated biplanes, each armed with a machine gun, are sent up from the headquarters of the Reds. The Blue captain knows that he must turn and run for it, if he is to reach camp alive. But he knows, too, that only if he can bring back accurate information of the masked batteries' location can the Blues hold their own. And so, despite two hostile biplanes, despite the danger that lurks in a one-sided battle in the air, he keeps on long enough to note on his map the position of each gun. The battery is easily enough plotted, relatively to a church, a railway station, and a large hotel. Four precious minutes have been lost. The biplanes are only a mile away, and one thousand feet below him. He leans over and shouts an order into the pilot's ear. A pedal is pressed, the machine cants over, as it swings around in a graceful circle, and begins its homeward flight.

The Red biplanes lose no time in worming their way up into the air. Up, on a long easy incline, they fly toward the receding Blue machine. They lurch and sway for a moment as they soar over the crest, caught in the invisible surf of air that beats against the hill, and then settle down to the grim task of destroying the enemy's monoplane.

On and on the three machines race for life. The monoplane has the advantage of position. The gunner in back of the Blue captain puts his shoulder to his piece and squints along the barrel. Aiming for the nearer biplane at a downward angle of forty-five degrees, he fires half a dozen shots. No response from the biplane, nor any sign that a single shot has told. If it is hard to hit a moving thing, it is harder still when the platform of the marksman is moving too.

The biplanes are gaining. Once more the Blue marksman takes aim and fires, again without effect. Still no reply from the foremost biplane. The captain of the Blue

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

monoplane decides on a new course. He orders his pilot to drop five hundred feet, down to the level of the hostile biplane. If gun fire is of no avail, perhaps the wash of his propeller may prove more effective. The monoplane dives and then straightens out its course again.

The pilot of the leading biplane is no aerial innocent. He sees the downward glide and knows its meaning. If he is caught in the turbulent air churned by the monoplane's propeller, his machine will pitch and roll like a rowboat in a stormy sea. Quickly he pulls the lever that controls his elevating rudder and climbs up out of the wake of the monoplane before him. The pilot of the accompanying biplane does likewise. For a few hundred feet the two double-deckers glide up. The increased head-on resistance retards them and they lose headway. And so the Blue monoplane gains for a few seconds.

Once more the marksman in the Blue machine tries his machine gun. The nearer biplane is somewhat above him and behind him now; it is even harder to hit than before. Carefully he takes aim, as carefully as his throbbing, rocking seat will permit. The helmet of the Red pilot appears just over the canvas-covered fuselage. When the unsteady muzzle-sight rests for an instant upon it the trigger is pulled.

The effect is magical. For an instant the biplane seems to hover like a wounded bird. Then it plunges down, down, down, with vertiginous speed. As the machine drops the pilot works the control levers frantically—in vain. One of the cables leading to an aileron had been shot in two, and the machine is utterly unmanageable. The officer behind the pilot seizes the duplicate emergency levers, and, in desperation, tries to control the pitching machine. The duplicate controls are of no avail. No power can save him and his two companions. The machine crashes to the ground, a shapeless mass of splintered wood, torn canvas, and twisted wire, buried beneath which lie the bodies of three brave men.

The Blue captain smiles grimly. One Red machine at least has been removed by a miraculously lucky shot. The other, however, keeps on undaunted. It is even becoming more aggressive; for the machine gun in its canvas-covered body has opened fire. One of the bullets has pierced the left wing of the Blue monoplane; but the tiny hole that it has left is of no more significance than the ventilating holes in the pilot's helmet. Again the gunner in the Red machine fires, this time with telling effect. The marksman in the Blue machine falls to one side, shot through the heart, his head and an arm hanging limply over the edge of the fuselage. The machine is unbalanced for a moment. Only by throwing his weight to the opposite side is the pilot able to restore the monoplane to an even keel. He looks back and sees what has happened. The Blue captain lifts the dead man under the armpits and disposes his body so that the machine's equilibrium is no longer disturbed. It is impossible to use the machine gun now, for the dead man is in the way. The Blue captain picks up a rifle. He raises the weapon to his shoulder and fires. The gunner in the biplane answers. Neither scores a hit. Bullets whistle around each machine, unheard by either crew above the roar of the motors. The Red biplane glides down to the level of the monoplane, but carefully keeps to the right so that it may use its gun to advantage. The two machines are only five hundred yards apart now, with the Blue camp plainly in sight. The men in the Red biplane realize that they must act quickly lest the monoplane escape with news that may prove the undoing of the battery behind the hill.

A hail of bullets pours from the crackling machine gun of the biplane. The gunner handles the weapon as if it were a hose, and the stream of projectiles that spouts from its muzzle as if it were so much water. So short is the distance that he cannot miss. The canvas of the monoplane is riddled with shot. Both pilot and Blue captain topple over. Down crashes the machine to the green earth two thousand feet below. Its work of destruction complete, the Red biplane turns back. It winds its way far into the clouds until it seems a mere black speck. Then in three long, swift, magnificent stages it glides down to the landing ground of the Red camp. A ladder is placed against the machine. The officer clambers down, salutes his General, reports the loss of one Red biplane and the destruction of the Blue monoplane.

Three hours later the first line of Blue outposts are in the hands of the Reds.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

APPLIED IDEALISM

BY

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE FIFTH INSTALLMENT OF

"CHAPTERS OF A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY"[1]

IN the spring of 1889 I was appointed by President Harrison Civil Service Commissioner. For nearly five years I had not been very active in political life; although I had done some routine work in the organization and had made campaign speeches, and in 1886 had run for Mayor of New York against Abram S. Hewitt, Democrat, and Henry George, Independent, and had been defeated.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Civil Service Commissioner

I served six years as Civil Service Commissioner—four years under President Harrison and then two years under President Cleveland. I was treated by both Presidents with the utmost consideration. Among my fellow-Commissioners there was at one time ex-Governor Hugh Thompson, of South Carolina, and at another time John R. Proctor, of Kentucky. They were Democrats and ex-Confederate soldiers. I became deeply attached to both, and we stood shoulder to shoulder in every contest in which the Commission was forced to take part.

WHEN AMATEUR MEETS PROFESSIONAL

During my six years' service as Commissioner the field of the merit system was extended at the expense of the spoils system so as to include several times the number of offices that had originally been included. Generally this was done by the introduction of competitive entrance examinations; sometimes, as in the Navy-Yards, by a system of registration. This of itself was good work.

Even better work was making the law efficient and genuine where it applied. As was inevitable in the introduction of such a system, there was at first only partial success in its application. For instance, it applied to the ordinary employees in the big custom-houses and post-offices, but not to the heads of these offices. A number of the heads of the offices were slippery politicians of a low moral grade, themselves appointed under the spoils system, and anxious, directly or indirectly, to break down the merit system and to pay their own political debts by appointing their henchmen and supporters to the positions under them. Occasionally these men acted with open and naked brutality. Ordinarily they sought by cunning to evade the law. The Civil Service Reformers, on the other hand, were in most cases not much used to practical politics, and were often well-nigh helpless when pitted against veteran professional politicians. In consequence I found at the beginning of my experiences that there were many offices in which the execution of the law was a sham. This was very damaging, because it encouraged the politicians to assault the law everywhere, and, on the other hand, made good people feel that the law was not worth while defending.

THE FIGHT FOR ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAW

The first effort of myself and my colleagues was to secure the genuine enforcement of the law. In this we succeeded after a number of lively fights. But of course in these fights we were obliged to strike a large number of influential politicians, some of them in Congress,

[1] Copyright 1913 by the Outlook Company. Special Notice: This series of articles is fully protected by copyright in the United States, in England, and on the Continent. All rights, including the right of translation into foreign languages, are reserved. This matter is not to be republished either in whole or in part without special permission of the publishers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some of them the supporters and backers of men who were in Congress. Accordingly we soon found ourselves engaged in a series of contests with prominent Senators and Congressmen. There were a number of Senators and Congressmen—men like Congressman (afterwards Senator) H. C. Lodge, of Massachusetts; Senator Cushman K. Davis, of Minnesota; Senator Orville H. Platt, of Connecticut; Senator Cockrell, of Missouri; Congressman (afterwards President) McKinley, of Ohio, and Congressman Dargan, of South Carolina—who abhorred the business of the spoilsman, who efficiently and resolutely championed the reform at every turn, and without whom the whole reform would certainly have failed. But there were plenty of other Senators and Congressmen who hated the whole reform and everything concerned with it and everybody who championed it; and sometimes, to use a legal phrase, their hatred was for cause, and sometimes it was peremptory—that is, sometimes the Commission interfered with their most efficient, and incidentally most corrupt and unscrupulous, supporters, and at other times, where there was no such interference, a man nevertheless had an innate dislike of anything that tended to decency in government. These men were always waging war against us, and they usually had the more or less open support of a certain number of Government officials, from Cabinet officers down. The Senators and Congressmen in question opposed us in many different ways. Sometimes, for instance, they had committees appointed to investigate us—during my public career without and within office I grew accustomed to accept appearances before investigating committees as part of the natural order of things. Sometimes they tried to cut off the appropriation for the Commission.

THE OPPOSITION

Occasionally we would bring to terms these Senators or Congressmen who fought the Commission by the simple expedient of not holding examinations in their districts. This always brought frantic appeals from their constituents, and we would explain that unfortunately the appropriations had been cut, so that we could not hold examinations in every district, and that obviously we could not neglect the districts of those Congressmen who believed in the reform and therefore in the examinations. The constituents then turned their attention to the Congressman, and the result was that in the long run we obtained sufficient money to enable us to do our work. On the whole, the most prominent leaders favored us. Any man who is the head of a big department, if he has any fitness at all, wishes to see that department run well; and a very little practical experience shows him that it cannot be run well if he must make his appointments to please spoilsmongering politicians. As with almost every reform that I have ever undertaken, most of the opposition took the guise of shrewd slander. Our opponents relied chiefly on downright misrepresentation of what it was that we were trying to accomplish, and of our methods, acts, and personalities. I had more than one lively encounter with the authors and sponsors of these misrepresentations, which at the time were full of interest to me. But it would be a dreary thing now to go over the record of exploded mendacity, or to expose the meanness and malice shown by some men of high official position. A favorite argument was to call the reform Chinese, because the Chinese had constructed an inefficient governmental system based in part on the theory of written competitive examinations. The argument was simple. There had been written examinations in China; it was proposed to establish written examinations in the United States; therefore the proposed system was Chinese. The argument might have been applied still further. For instance, the Chinese had used gunpowder for centuries; gunpowder is used in Springfield rifles; therefore Springfield rifles were Chinese. One argument is quite as logical as the other. It was impossible to answer every falsehood about the system. But it was possible to answer certain falsehoods, especially when uttered by some Senator or Congressman of note. Usually these false statements took the form of assertions that we had asked preposterous questions of applicants. At times they also included the assertion that we credited people to districts where they did not live; this simply meaning that these persons were not known to the active ward politicians of those districts.

CONGRESSMAN GROSVENOR'S "JESTS"

One opponent with whom we had a rather lively tilt was a Republican Congressman from Ohio, Mr. Grosvenor, one of the floor leaders. Mr. Grosvenor made his attack in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the House, and enumerated our sins in picturesque rather than accurate fashion. There was a Congressional committee investigating us at the time, and on my next appearance before them I asked that Mr. Grosvenor be requested to meet me before the committee. Mr. Grosvenor did not take up the challenge for several weeks, until it was announced that I was leaving for my ranch in Dakota; whereupon, deeming it safe, he wrote me a letter expressing his ardent wish that I should appear before the committee to meet him. I promply canceled my ticket, waited, and met him. He proved to be a person of happily treacherous memory, so that the simple expedient of arranging his statements in pairs was sufficient to reduce him to confusion. For instance, he had been trapped into making the unwary remark, "I do not want to repeal the Civil Service Law, and I never said so." I produced the following extract from one of his speeches: "I will vote not only to strike out this provision, but I will vote to repeal the whole law." To this he merely replied that there was "no inconsistency between those two statements." He asserted that "Rufus P. Putnam, fraudulently credited to Washington County, Ohio, never lived in Washington County, Ohio, or in my Congressional district, or in Ohio as far as I know." We produced a letter which, thanks to a beneficent Providence, he had himself written about Mr. Rufus P. Putnam, in which he said: "Mr. Rufus P. Putnam is a legal resident of my district and has relatives living there now." He explained, first, that he had not written the letter; second, that he had forgotten he had written the letter; and, third, that he was grossly deceived when he wrote it. He said: "I have not been informed of one applicant who has found a place in the classified service from my district." We confronted him with the names of eight. He looked them over and said, "Yes, the eight men are living in my district as now constituted," but added that his district had been gerrymandered so that he could no longer tell who did and who didn't live in it. When I started further to question him, he accused me of a lack of humor in not appreciating that his statements were made "in a jesting way," and then announced that "a Congressman making a speech on the floor of the House of Representatives was perhaps in a little different position from a witness on the witness stand"—a frank admission that he did not consider exactitude of statement necessary when he was speaking as a Congressman. Finally he rose with great dignity and said that it was his "constitutional right" not to be questioned elsewhere as to what he said on the floor of the House of Representatives; and accordingly he left the delighted committee to pursue its investigations without further aid from him.

SENATOR GORMAN'S "BRIGHT YOUNG MAN"

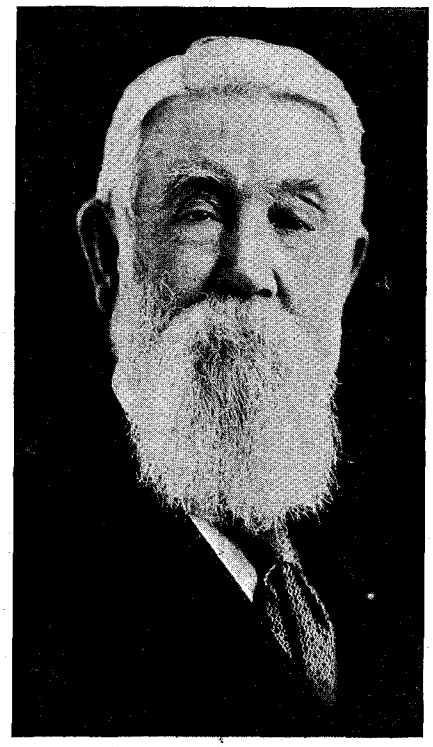
A more important opponent was the then Democratic leader of the Senate, Mr. Gorman. In a speech attacking the Commission Mr. Gorman described with moving pathos how a friend of his, "a bright young man from Baltimore," a Sunday-school scholar, well recommended by his pastor, wished to be a letter-carrier; and how he went before us to be examined. The first question we asked him, said Mr. Gorman, was the shortest route from Baltimore to China, to which the "bright young man" responded that he didn't want to go to China, and had never studied up that route. Thereupon, said Mr. Gorman, we asked him all about the steamship lines from the United States to Europe, then branched him off into geology, tried him in chemistry, and finally turned him down.

Apparently Mr. Gorman did not know that we kept full records of our examinations. I at once wrote to him stating that I had carefully looked through all our examination papers and had not been able to find one question even remotely resembling any of these questions which he alleged had been asked, and that I would be greatly obliged if he would give me the name of the "bright young man" who had deceived him.

However, that "bright young man" remained permanently without a name. I also asked Mr. Gorman, if he did not wish to give us the name of his informant, to give us the date of the examination in which he was supposed to have taken part; and I offered, if he would send down a representative to look through our files, to give him all the aid we could in his effort to discover any such questions. But Mr. Gorman, not hitherto known as a sensitive soul, expressed himself as so shocked at the thought that the veracity of the "bright young man" should be doubted that he could not bring himself to answer my letter. So I made a public statement to the effect that no such questions had ever been asked. Mr. Gorman brooded over

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this; and during the next session of Congress he rose and complained that he had received a very "impudent" letter from me (my letter was a respectful note calling attention to the fact that, if he wished, he could by personal examination satisfy himself that his statements had no foundation in fact). He further stated that he had been "cruelly" called to account by me because he had been endeavoring to right a "great wrong" that the Civil Service Commission had committed; but he never, then or afterwards, furnished any clue to the identity of that child of his fondest fancy, the bright young man without a name.[1]



"MR. GROSVENOR MADE HIS ATTACK IN THE HOUSE, AND ENUMERATED OUR SINS IN PICTURESQUE RATHER THAN ACCURATE FASHION . . . HE PROVED TO BE A PERSON OF HAPPILY TREACHEROUS MEMORY"

999 KINDS OF FALSEHOOD

The incident is of note chiefly as shedding light on the mental make-up of the man who at the time was one of the two or three most influential leaders of the Democratic party. Mr. Gorman had been Mr. Cleveland's party manager in the Presidential campaign, and was the Democratic leader in Congress. It seemed extraordinary that he should be so reckless as to make statements with no foundation in fact, which he might have known that I would not permit to pass unchallenged. Then, as now, the ordinary newspaper, in New York and elsewhere, was quite as reckless in its misstatements of fact about public men and measures; but for a man in Mr. Gorman's position of responsible leadership such action seemed hardly worth while. However, it is at least to be said for Mr. Gorman that he was not trying by falsehood to take away any man's character. It would be well for writers and speakers to bear in mind the remark of Puddin'head Wilson to the effect that while there are nine hundred and ninety-nine kinds of falsehood, the only kind specifically condemned in Scripture, just as murder, theft, and adultery are condemned, is bearing false witness against one's neighbor.

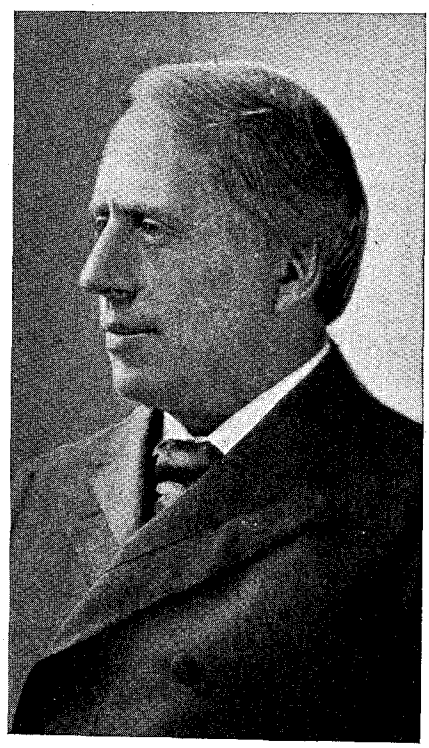
FAVORITISM AND CRUELTY

One of the worst features of the old spoils system was the ruthless cruelty and brutality it so often bred in the treatment of faithful public servants without political influence. Life is hard enough and cruel enough at best, and this is as true of public service as of private service. Under no system will it be possible to do away with all favoritism and brutality and meanness and malice. But at least we can try to minimize the exhibition of these qualities. I once came across a case in Washington which very keenly excited my sympathy. Under an Administration prior to the one with which I was connected a lady had been ousted from a Government position. She came to me to see if she could be reinstated. (This was not possible, but by active work I did get her put back in a somewhat lower position, and this only by an appeal to the sympathy of a certain official.) She was so pallid and so careworn that she excited my sympathy and I made inquiries about her. She was a poor woman with two children, a widow. She and her two children were in actual want. She could barely keep the two children decently clad, and she could not give them the food growing children need. Three years before she had been employed in a bureau in a department of Washington, doing her work faithfully, at

[1] This is a condensation of a speech I at the time made to the St. Louis Civil Service Reform Association. Senator Gorman was then the Senate leader of the party that had just been victorious in the Congressional elections.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a salary of about $800. It was enough to keep her and her two children in clothing, food, and shelter. One day the chief of the bureau called her up and told her he was very sorry that he had to dismiss her. In great distress she asked him why; she thought that she had been doing her work satisfactorily. He answered her that she had been doing well, and that he wished very much that he could keep her, that he would do so if he possibly could, but that he could not; for a certain Senator, giving his name, a very influential member of the Senate, had demanded her place for a friend of his who had influence. The woman told the bureau chief that it meant turning her out to starve. She had been thirteen or fourteen years in the public service; she had lost all touch with her friends in her native State; dismissal meant absolute want for her and her children. On this the chief, who was a kind man, said he would not have her turned out, and sent her back to her work.



"MR. GORMAN, NOT HITHERTO KNOWN AS A SENSITIVE SOUL, EXPRESSED HIMSELF AS SO SHOCKED AT THE THOUGHT THAT THE VERACITY OF THE 'BRIGHT YOUNG MAN' SHOULD BE DOUBTED THAT HE COULD NOT BRING HIMSELF TO ANSWER MY LETTER"

BY THE SENATOR'S ORDERS

But three weeks afterwards he called her up again and told her he could not say how sorry he was, but the thing had to be done. The Senator had been around in person to know why the change had not been made, and had told the chief that he would be himself removed if the place were not given him. The Senator was an extremely influential man. His wants had to be attended to, and the woman had to go. And go she did, and turned out she was, to suffer with her children and to starve outright, or to live in semi-starvation, just as might befall. I do not blame the bureau chief, who hated to do what he did, although he lacked the courage to refuse; I do not even very much blame the Senator, who did not know the hardship that he was causing, and who had been calloused by long training in the spoils system; but this system, a system which permits and encourages such deeds, is a system of brutal iniquity.

THE UNDERWORLD OF POLITICS

Any man accustomed to dealing with practical politics can with difficulty keep a straight face when he reads or listens to some of the arguments advanced against Civil Service Reform. One of these arguments, a favorite with machine politicians, takes the form of an appeal to "party loyalty" in filling minor offices. Why, again and again these very same machine politicians take just as good care of henchmen of the opposite party as of those of their own party. In the underworld of politics the closest ties are sometimes those which knit together the active professional workers of opposite political parties. A friend of mine in the New York Legislature—the hero of the alpha and omega incident—once remarked to me: "When you have been in public life a little longer, Mr. Roosevelt, you will understand that there are no politics in politics." In the politics to which he was referring this remark could be taken literally.

Another illustration of this truth was incidentally given me, at about the same time, by an acquaintance, a Tammany man named Costigan, a good fellow according to his lights. I had been speaking to him of a fight in one of the New York downtown districts, a Democratic district in which the Republican party was in a hopeless minority, and, moreover, was split into the Half-Breed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Stalwart factions. It had been an interesting fight in more than one way. For instance, the Republican party, at the general election, polled something like five hundred and fifty votes, and yet at the primary the two factions polled seven hundred and twenty-five all told. The sum of the parts was thus considerably greater than the whole. There had been other little details that made the contest worthy of note. The hall in which the primary was held had been hired by the Stalwarts from a conscientious gentleman. To him the Half-Breeds applied to know whether they could not hire the hall away from their opponents, and offered him a substantial money advance. The conscientious gentleman replied that his word was as good as his bond, that he had hired the hall to the Stalwarts, and that it must be theirs. But he added that he was willing to hire the doorway to the Half-Breeds if they paid him the additional sum of money they had mentioned. The bargain was struck, and the meeting of the hostile hosts was spirited, when the men who had rented the doorway sought to bar the path of the men who had rented the hall. I was asking my friend Costigan about the details of the struggle, as he seemed thoroughly acquainted with them, and he smiled good-naturedly over my surprise at there having been more votes cast than there were members of the party in the whole district. Said I, "Mr. Costigan, you seem to have a great deal of knowledge about this; how did it happen?" To which he replied, "Come now, Mr. Roosevelt, you know it's the same gang that votes in *all* the primaries."

HONEST OPPOSITION

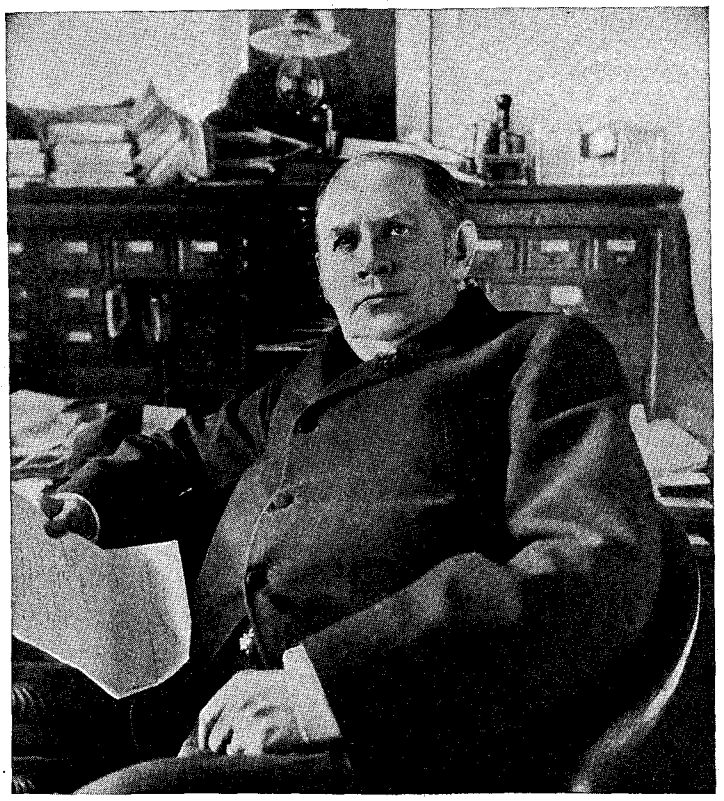
So much for most of the opposition to the reform. There was, however, some honest and at least partially justifiable opposition both to certain of the methods advocated by Civil Service Reformers and to certain of the Civil Service Reformers themselves. The pet shibboleths of the opponents of the reform were that the system we proposed to introduce would give rise to mere red-tape bureaucracy, and that the reformers were pharisees. Neither statement was true. Each statement contained some truth.

If men are not to be appointed by favoritism, wise or unwise, honest or dishonest, they must be appointed in some automatic way, which generally means by competitive examination. The easiest kind of competitive examination is an examination in writing. This is entirely appropriate for certain classes of work, for lawyers, stenographers, typewriters, clerks, mathematicians, and assistants in an astronomical observatory, for instance. It is utterly inappropriate for carpenters, detectives, and mounted cattle inspectors along the Rio Grande—to instance three types of employment as to which I had to do battle to prevent well-meaning bureaucrats from insisting on written competitive entrance examinations. It would be quite possible to hold a very good competitive examination for mounted cattle inspectors by means of practical tests in brand reading and shooting with rifle and revolver, in riding "mean" horses, and in roping and throwing steers. I did my best to have examinations of this kind instituted, but my proposal was of precisely the type which most shocks the routine official mind, and I was never able to get it put into practical effect.

A MEANS TO AN END

The important point, and the point most often forgotten by zealous Civil Service Reformers, was to remember that the routine competitive examination was merely a means to an end. It did not always produce ideal results. But it was normally better than a system of appointments for spoils purposes; it sometimes worked out very well indeed; and in most big governmental offices it not only gave satisfactory results, but was the only system under which good results could be obtained. For instance, when I was Police Commissioner we appointed some two thousand policemen at one time. It was utterly impossible for the Commissioners each to examine personally the six or eight thousand applicants. Therefore they had to be appointed either on the recommendation of outsiders or else by written competitive examination. The latter method—the one we adopted—was infinitely preferable. We held a rigid physical and moral pass examination, and then, among those who passed, we held a written competitive examination, requiring only the knowledge that any good primary common school education would meet—that is, a test of ordinary intelligence and simple mental training. Occasionally a man who would have been a good officer failed, and occasionally a man who turned out to be a bad officer passed; but, as a rule, the men with intelligence sufficient to enable them to answer the questions were of a type very distinctly above that of those who failed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



COPYRIGHT BY CLINEDINST

MARK HANNA

"A man of rugged sincerity of purpose, of great courage and loyalty, and of unswerving devotion to the interests of the Nation and the people as he saw those interests"

The answers returned to some of the questions gave an illuminating idea of the intelligence of those answering them. For instance, one of our questions in a given examination was a request to name five of the New England States. One competitor, obviously of foreign birth, answered: "England, Ireland, Scotland, Whales, and Cork." His neighbor, who had probably looked over his shoulder but who had North of Ireland prejudices, made the same answer except that he substituted Belfast for Cork. A request for a statement as to the life of Abraham Lincoln elicited, among other less startling pieces of information, the fact that many of the applicants thought that he was a general in the Civil War; several thought that he was President of the Confederate States; three thought he had been assassinated by Jefferson Davis, one by Thomas Jefferson, one by Garfield, several by Guiteau, and one by Ballington Booth—the last representing a memory of the fact that he had been shot by a man named Booth, to whose surname the writer added the name with which he was most familiar in connection therewith. A request to name five of the States that seceded in 1861 received answers that included almost every State in the Union. It happened to be at the time of the silver agitation in the West, and the Rocky Mountain States accordingly figured in a large percentage of the answers. Some of the men thought that Chicago was on the Pacific Ocean. Others, in answer to a query as to who was the head of the United States Government, wavered between myself and Recorder Goff; one brilliant genius, for inscrutable reasons, placed the leadership in the New York Fire Department. Now of course some of the men who answered these questions wrong were nevertheless quite capable of making good policemen; but it is fair to assume that on the average the candidate who has a rudimentary knowledge of the government, geography, and history of his country is a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little better fitted, in point of intelligence, to be a policeman than the one who has not.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS

Therefore I felt convinced, after full experience, that as regards very large classes of public servants by far the best way to choose the men for appointment was by means of written competitive examination. But I absolutely split off from the bulk of my professional Civil Service Reform friends when they advocated written competitive examinations for promotion. In the Police Department I found these examinations a serious handicap in the way of getting the best men promoted, and never in any office did I find that the written competitive promotion examination did any good. The reason for a written competitive entrance examination is that it is impossible for the head of the office, or the candidate's prospective immediate superior, himself to know the average candidate or to test his ability. But when once in office the best way to test any man's ability is by long experience in seeing him actually at work. His promotion should depend upon the judgment formed of him by his superiors.

So much for the objections to the examinations. Now for the objections to the men who advocated the reform. As a rule these men were high-minded and disinterested. Certain of them, men like the leaders in the Maryland and Indiana Reform Associations, for instances, Messrs. Bonaparte and Rose, Foulke and Swift, added common sense, broad sympathy, and practical efficiency to their high-mindedness. But in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston there really was a certain mental and moral thinness among very many of the leaders in the Civil Service Reform movement. It was this quality which made them so profoundly antipathetic to vigorous and intensely human people of the stamp of my friend Joe Murray—who, as I have said, always felt that my Civil Service Reform affiliations formed the one blot on an otherwise excellent public record. The Civil Service Reform movement was one from above downwards, and the men who took the lead in it were not men who as a rule possessed a very profound sympathy with or understanding of the ways of thought and life of their average fellow-citizen. They were not men who themselves desired to be letter-carriers or clerks or policemen, or to have their friends appointed to these positions. Having no temptation themselves in this direction, they were eagerly anxious to prevent other people getting such appointments as a reward for political services. In this they were quite right. It would be impossible to run any big public office to advantage save along the lines of the strictest application of Civil Service Reform principles; and the system should be extended throughout our governmental service far more widely than is now the case.

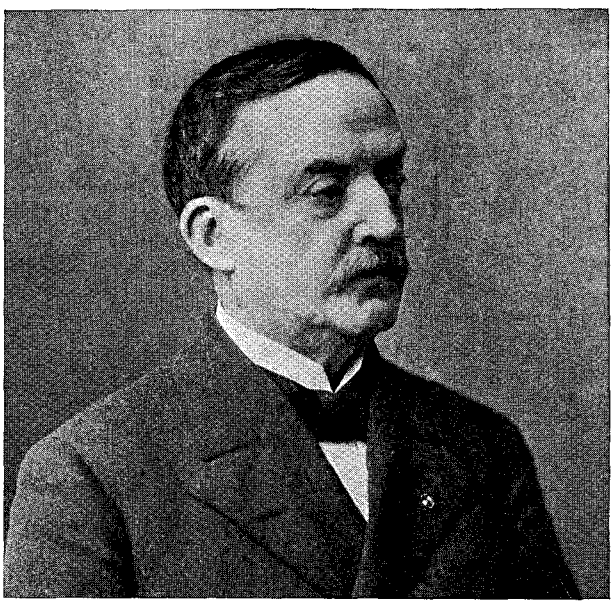
But there are other and more vital reforms than this. Too many Civil Service Reformers, when the trial came, proved tepidly indifferent or actively hostile to reforms that were of profound and far-reaching social and industrial consequence. Many of them were at best lukewarm about movements for the improvement of the conditions of toil and life among men and women who labor under hard surroundings, and were positively hostile to movements which curbed the power of the great corporation magnates and directed into useful instead of pernicious channels the activities of the great corporation lawyers who advised them.

Most of the newspapers which regarded themselves as the especial champions of Civil Service Reform and as the highest exponents of civic virtue, and which distrusted the average citizen and shuddered over the "coarseness" of the professional politicians, were, nevertheless, given to vices even more contemptible than, although not so gross as, those they denounced and derided. Their editors were refined men of cultivated tastes, whose pet temptations were backbiting, mean slander, and the snobbish worship of anything clothed in wealth and the outward appearances of conventional respectability. They were not robust or powerful men; they felt ill at ease in the company of rough, strong men; often they had in them a vein of physical timidity. They avenged themselves to themselves for an uneasy subconsciousness of their own shortcomings by sitting in cloistered—or, rather, pleasantly upholstered—seclusion, and sneering at and lying about men who made them feel uncomfortable. Sometimes these were bad men, who made them feel uncomfortable by the exhibition of coarse and repellent vice; and sometimes they were men of high character, who held ideals of courage and of service to others, and who looked down and warred against the shortcomings of swollen wealth, and the effortless, easy lives of those whose horizon is bounded by a sheltered and timid respectability. These newspapers, owned

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and edited by these men, although free from the repulsive vulgarity of the yellow press, were susceptible to influence by the privileged interests, and were almost or quite as hostile to manliness as they were to unrefined vice—and were much more hostile to it than to the typical shortcomings of wealth and refinement. They favored Civil Service Reform; they favored copyright laws, and the removal of the tariff on works of art; they favored all the proper (and even more strongly all the improper) movements for international peace and arbitration; in short, they favored all good, and many goody-goody, measures so long as they did not cut deep at social wrong or make demands on National and individual virility. They opposed, or were lukewarm about, efforts to build up the army and the navy, for they were not sensitive concerning National honor; and, above all, they opposed every non-milk-and-water effort, however sane, to change our social and economic system in such a fashion as to substitute the ideal of justice towards all for the ideal of kindly charity from the favored few to the possibly grateful many.

Some of the men foremost in the struggle for Civil Service Reform have taken a position of honorable leadership in the battle for those other and more vital reforms. But many of them promptly abandoned the field of effort for decency when the battle took the form, not of a fight against the petty grafting of small bosses and small politicians —a vitally necessary battle, be it remembered —but of a fight against the great intrenched powers of privilege, a fight to secure justice through the law for ordinary men and women, instead of leaving them to suffer cruel injustice either because the law failed to protect them or because it was twisted from its legitimate purposes into a means for oppressing them.



MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY

"In his youth he freely risked his life for a great ideal, and when death was already clutching his breast he spent almost his last breath in serving humble and friendless people whom he had served with disinterested loyalty"

THE BOSS AS FRIEND AND PROTECTOR

There is often much good in the type of boss, especially common in big cities, who fulfills towards the people of his district in rough and ready fashion the position of friend and protector. He uses his influence to get jobs for young men who need them. He goes into court for a wild young fellow who has gotten into trouble. He helps out with cash or credit the widow who is in straits, or the breadwinner who is crippled or for some other cause temporarily out of work. He organizes clambakes and chowder parties and picnics, and is consulted by the local labor leaders when a cut in wages is threat-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ened. For some of his constituents he does proper favors, and for others wholly improper favors; but he preserves human relations with all. He may be a very bad and very corrupt man, a man whose action in blackmailing and protecting vice is of far-reaching damage to his constituents. But these constituents are for the most part men and women who struggle hard against poverty and with whom the problem of living is very real and very close. They would prefer clean and honest government, if this clean and honest government is accompanied by human sympathy, human understanding. But an appeal made to them for virtue in the abstract, an appeal made by good men who do not really understand their needs, will often pass quite unheeded, if on the other side stands the boss, the friend and benefactor, who may have been guilty of much wrong-doing in things that they are hardly aware concern them, but who appeals to them, not only for the sake of favors to come, but in the name of gratitude and loyalty, and above all of understanding and fellow-feeling. They have a feeling of clan-loyalty to him; his and their relations may be substantially those which are right and proper among primitive people still in the clan stage of moral development. The successful fight against this type of vicious boss, and the type of vicious politics which produces it, can be made only by men who have a genuine fellow-feeling for and understanding of the people for and with whom they are to work, and who in practical fashion seek their social and industrial benefit.

There are communities of poor men, whose lives are hard, in which the boss, though he would be out of place in a more advanced community, if fundamentally an honest man, meets a real need which would otherwise not be met. Because of his limitations in other than purely local matters it may be our duty to fight such a boss; but it may also be our duty to recognize, within his limitations, both his sincerity and his usefulness.

Yet again even the boss who really is evil, like the business man who really is evil, may on certain points be sound, and be doing good work. It may be the highest duty of the patriotic public servant to work with the big boss or the big business man on these points, while refusing to work with him on others. In the same way there are many self-styled reformers whose conduct is such as to warrant Tom Reed's bitter remark that when Dr. Johnson defined patriotism as the last refuge of the scoundrel he was ignorant of the infinite possibilities contained in the word reform. Yet, none the less, it is our duty to work for the reforms these men champion, without regard to the misconduct of the men themselves on other points. I have known in my life many big business men and many big political bosses who often or even generally did evil, but who on some occasions and on certain issues were right. I never hesitated to do battle against these men when they were wrong; and, on the other hand, as long as they were going my way I was glad to have them do so. To have repudiated their aid when they were right and were striving for a right end, and for what was of benefit to the people—no matter what their motives may have been—would have been childish, and moreover would have itself been misconduct against the people.

My duty was to stand with every one while he was right, and to stand against him when he went wrong; and this I have tried to do as regards individuals and as regards groups of individuals. When a business man or labor leader, politician or reformer, is right, I support him; when he goes wrong, I leave him. When Mr. Lorimer upheld the war for the liberation of Cuba, I supported him; when he became United States Senator by improper methods, I opposed him. The principles or methods which the Socialists advocate and which I believe to be in the interest of the people I support, and those which I believe to be against the interest of the people I oppose. Moreover, when a man has done evil, but changes, and works for decency and righteousness, and when, as far as I can see, the change is real and the man's conduct sincere, then I welcome him and work heartily with him, as an equal with an equal. For thirty years after the Civil War the creed of mere materialism was rampant in both American politics and American business, and many, many strong men, in accordance with the prevailing commercial and political morality, did things for which they deserve blame and condemnation; but if they now sincerely change, and strive for better things, it is unwise and unjust to bar them from fellowship. So long as they work for evil, smite them with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon! When they change and show their faith by their works, remember the words of Ezekiel: "If the wicked will turn from all the sins he has committed, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

keep all my statutes, and do that which is lawful and right, he shall surely live, he shall not die. All his transgressions that he hath committed, they shall not be mentioned unto him: in his righteousness that he hath done he shall live. Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die? saith the Lord God; and not that he should return from his ways and live?"

POLITICIANS GOOD AND BAD

Every man who has been in practical politics grows to realize that politicians, big and little, are no more all of them bad than they are all of them good. Many of these men are very bad men indeed, but there are others among them—and some among those held up to special obliquy, too—who, even although they may have done much that is evil, also show traits of sterling worth which many of their critics wholly lack. There are few men for whom I have ever felt a more cordial and contemptuous dislike than for some of the bosses and big professional politicians with whom I have been brought into contact. On the other hand, in the case of some political leaders who were most bitterly attacked as bosses, I grew to know certain sides of their characters which inspired in me a very genuine regard and respect.

SENATOR HANNA

To read much of the assault on Senator Hanna, one would have thought that he was a man incapable of patriotism or of far-sighted devotion to the country's good. I was brought into intimate contact with him only during the two and a half years immediately preceding his death. I was then President, and perforce watched all his actions at close range. During that time he showed himself to be a man of rugged sincerity of purpose, of great courage and loyalty, and of unswerving devotion to the interests of the Nation and the people as he saw those interests. He was as sincerely desirous of helping laboring men as of helping capitalists. His ideals were in many ways not my ideals, and there were points where both by temperament and by conviction we were far apart. Before this time he had always been unfriendly to me; and I do not think he ever grew to like me, at any rate not until the very end of his life. Moreover, I came to the Presidency under circumstances which, if he had been a smaller man, would inevitably have thrown him into violent antagonism to me. He was the close and intimate friend of President McKinley. He was McKinley's devoted ally and follower, and his trusted adviser, who was in complete sympathy with him. Partly because of this friendship, his position in the Senate and in the country was unique.

HANNA'S PLEDGE

With McKinley's sudden death Senator Hanna found himself bereft of his dearest friend, while I, who had just come to the Presidency, was in his view an untried man, whose trustworthiness on many public questions was at least doubtful. Ordinarily, as has been shown, not only in our history, but in the history of all other countries, in countless instances, over and over again, this situation would have meant suspicion, ill will, and, at the last, open and violent antagonism. Such was not the result, in this case, primarily because Senator Hanna had in him the quality that enabled him to meet a serious crisis with dignity, with power, and with disinterested desire to work for the common good. Within a few days of my accession he called on me, and with entire friendliness and obvious sincerity, but also with entire self-respect, explained that he mourned McKinley as probably no other man did; that he had not been especially my friend, but that he wished me to understand that thenceforward, on every question where he could conscientiously support me, I could count upon his giving me as loyal aid as it was in his power to render. He added that this must not be understood as committing him to favor me for nomination and election, because that matter must be left to take care of itself as events should decide; but that, aside from this, what he said was to be taken literally; in other words, he would do his best to make my Administration a success by supporting me heartily on every point on which he conscientiously could, and that this I could count upon. He kept his word absolutely. He never became especially favorable to my nomination; and most of his close friends became bitterly opposed to me and used every effort to persuade him to try to bring about my downfall. Most men in his position would have been tempted to try to make capital at my expense by antagonizing me and discrediting me so as to make my policies fail, just for the sake of making them fail. Senator Hanna, on the contrary, did everything possible to make them succeed. He kept his word in the letter and the spirit, and on every

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

point on which he felt conscientiously able to support me he gave me the heartiest and most effective support, and did all in his power to make my Administration a success; and this with no hope of any reward for himself, of any gratitude from me, or of any appreciation by the public at large, but solely because he deemed such action necessary for the well-being of the country as a whole.

SENATOR QUAY

My experience with Senator Quay was similar. I had no personal relations with him before I was President, and knew nothing of him save by hearsay. Soon after I became President, Senator Quay called upon me, told me he had known me very slightly, that he thought most men who claimed to be reformers were hypocrites, but that he deemed me sincere, that he thought conditions had become such that aggressive courage and honesty were necessary in order to remedy them, that he believed I intended to be a good and efficient President, and that to the best of his ability he would support me in making my Administration a success. He kept his word with absolute good faith. He had been in the Civil War, and was a medal of honor man; and I think my having been in the Spanish War gave him at the outset a kindly feeling toward me. He was also a very well read man—I owe to him, for instance, my acquaintance with the writings of the Finnish novelist Topelius. Not only did he support me on almost every public question in which I was most interested—including, I am convinced, every one on which he felt he conscientiously could do so—but he also at the time of his death gave a striking proof of his disinterested desire to render a service to certain poor people, and this under conditions in which not only would he never know if the service were rendered but in which he had no reason to expect that his part in it would ever be made known to any other man.

THE SIX NATIONS

Quay was descended from a French voyageur who had some Indian blood in him. He was proud of this Indian blood, took an especial interest in Indians, and whenever Indians came to Washington they always called on him. Once during my Administration a delegation of Iroquois came over from Canada to call on me at the White House. Their visit had in it something that was pathetic as well as amusing. They represented the descendants of the Six Nations, who fled to Canada after Sullivan harried their towns in the Revolutionary War. Now, a century and a quarter later, their people thought that they would like to come back into the United States; and these representatives had called upon me with the dim hope that perhaps I could give their tribes land on which they could settle. As soon as they reached Washington they asked Quay to bring them to call on me, which he did, telling me that of course their errand was hopeless and that he had explained as much to them, but that they would like me to extend the courtesy of an interview. At the close of the interview, which had been conducted with all the solemnities of calumet and wampum, the Indians filed out. Quay, before following them, turned to me with his usual emotionless face and said, "Good-by, Mr. President; this reminds one of the Flight of a Tartar Tribe, doesn't it?" I answered, "So you're fond of De Quincey, Senator?" to which Quay responded, "Yes; always liked De Quincey; good-by." And away he went with the tribesmen, who seemed to have walked out of a remote past.

QUAY'S DYING WISH

Quay had become particularly concerned about the Delawares in the Indian Territory. He felt that the Interior Department did not do them justice. He also felt that his colleagues of the Senate took no interest in them. When in the spring of 1904 he lay in his house mortally sick, he sent me word that he had something important to say to me, and would have himself carried round to see me. I sent back word not to think of doing so, and that on my way back from church next Sunday I would stop in and call on him. This I accordingly did. He was lying in his bed, death written on his face. He thanked me for coming, and then explained that, as he was on the point of death and knew he would never return to Washington—it was late spring and he was about to leave—he wished to see me to get my personal promise that, after he died, I would myself look after the interests of the Delaware Indians. He added that he did not trust the Interior Department—although he knew that I did not share his views on this point—and that still less did he believe that any of his colleagues in the Senate would exert themselves in the interests of the Delawares, and that therefore he wished my personal assurance that I would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRANCES KELLOR

JANE ADDAMS

COPYRIGHT BY FALK

MARY ANTIN

"I ALWAYS FAVORED WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE, BUT ONLY TEPIDLY, UNTIL MY ASSOCIATION WITH WOMEN LIKE JANE ADDAMS, MARY ANTIN, AND FRANCES KELLOR, WHO DESIRED IT AS ONE MEANS OF ENABLING THEM TO RENDER BETTER AND MORE EFFICIENT SERVICE, CHANGED ME INTO A ZEALOUS INSTEAD OF A LUKEWARM ADHERENT OF THE CAUSE"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

personally see that no injustice was done them. I told him I would do so, and then added, in rather perfunctory fashion, that he must not take such a gloomy view of himself, that when he got away for the summer I hoped he would recover and be back all right when Congress opened. A gleam came into the old fighter's eyes and he answered: "No, I am dying, and you know it. I don't mind dying; but I do wish it were possible for me to get off into the great north woods and crawl out on a rock in the sun and die like a wolf!"

SLANDER AND INJUSTICE

I never saw him again. When he died I sent a telegram of sympathy to his wife. A paper which constantly preached reform, and which kept up its circulation by the no less constant practice of slander, a paper which in theory condemned all public men who violated the eighth commandment, and in practice subsisted by incessant violation of the ninth, assailed me for sending my message to the dead man's wife. I knew the editors of this paper, and the editor who was their predecessor. They had led lives of bodily ease and the avoidance of bodily risk; they earned their livelihood by the practice of mendacity for profit; and they delivered malignant judgment on a dead man who, whatever his faults, had in his youth freely risked his life for a great ideal, and who when death was already clutching his breast had spent almost his last breath on behalf of humble and friendless people whom he had served with disinterested loyalty.

THE GREATER FIGHT

By the time that I was ending my career as Civil Service Commissioner I was already growing to understand that mere improvement in political conditions by itself was not enough. I dimly realized that an even greater fight must be waged to improve economic conditions, and to secure social and industrial justice, justice as between individuals and justice as between classes. I began to see that political effort was largely valuable as it found expression and resulted in such social and industrial betterment. I was gradually puzzling out, or trying to puzzle out, the answers to various questions—some as yet unsolvable to any of us, but for the solution of which it is the bounden duty of all of us to work. I had grown to realize very keenly that the duty of the Government to protect women and children must be extended to include the protection of all the crushable elements of labor. I saw that it was the affair of all our people to see that justice obtained between the big corporation and its employees, and between the big corporation and its smaller rivals, as well as its customers and the general public. I saw that it was the affair of all of us, and not only of the employer, if dividends went up and wages went down; that it was to the interest of all of us that a full share of the benefit of improved machinery should go to the workman who used the machinery; and also that it was to the interest of all of us that each man, whether brain worker or hand worker, should do the best work of which he was capable, and that there should be some correspondence between the value of the work and the value of the reward. It is these and many similar questions which in their sum make up the great social and industrial problems of to-day, the most interesting and important of the problems with which our public life must deal.

PUBLIC OPINION

In handling these problems I believe that much can be done by the Government. Furthermore, I believe that, after all that the Government can do has been done, there will remain as the most vital of all factors the individual character of the average man and the average woman. No governmental action can do more than supplement individual action. Moreover, there must be collective action of kinds distinct from governmental action. A body of public opinion must be formed, must make itself felt, and in the end transform, and be transformed by, the gradual raising of individual standards of conduct.

INDIVIDUAL CHARACTER AND THE LAW

It is curious to see how difficult it is to make some men understand that insistence upon one factor does not and must not mean failure fully to recognize other factors. The selfish individual needs to be taught that we must now shackle cunning by law exactly as a few centuries back we shackled force by law. Unrestricted individualism spells ruin to the individual himself. But so does the elimination of individualism, whether by law or custom. It is a capital error to fail to recognize the vital need of good laws. It is also a capital error to believe that good laws

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will accomplish anything unless the average man has the right stuff in him. The toiler, the manual laborer, has received less than justice, and he must be protected, both by law, by custom, and by the exercise of his right to increase his wage; and yet to decrease the quantity and quality of his work will work only evil. There must be a far greater meed of respect and reward for the hand worker than we now give him, if our society is to be put on a sound basis; and this respect and reward cannot be given him unless he is as ambitious to do the best possible work as is the highest type of brain worker, whether doctor or writer or artist. There must be a raising of standards, and not a leveling down to the standard of the poorest and most inefficient. There is urgent need of intelligent governmental action to assist in making the life of the man who tills the soil all that it should be, and to see that the manual worker gets his full share of the reward for what he helps produce; but if either farmer, mechanic, or day laborer is shiftless or lazy, if he shirks downright hard work, if he is stupid or self-indulgent, then no law can save him, and he must give way to a better type.

I suppose that some good people will misunderstand what I say, and will insist on taking only half of it as representing the whole. Let me repeat. When I say that, even after we have all the good laws necessary, the chief factor in any given man's success or failure must be that man's own character, it must not be inferred that I am in the least minimizing the importance of these laws, the real and vital need for them. The struggle for individual advancement and development can be brought to naught, or indefinitely retarded, by the absence of law or by bad law. It can be immeasurably aided by organized effort on the part of the State. Collective action and individual action, public law and private character, are both necessary. It is only by a slow and patient inward transformation such as these laws aid in bringing about that men are really helped upward in their struggle for a higher and a fuller life. Recognition of individual character as the most important of all factors does not mean failure fully to recognize that we must have good laws, and that we must have our best men in office to enforce these laws. The Nation collectively will in this way be able to be of real and genuine service to each of us individually; and, on the other hand, the wisdom of the collective action will mainly depend on the high individual average of citizenship.

MAN'S PARTNERSHIP WITH WOMAN

The relationship of man and woman is the fundamental relationship that stands at the base of the whole social structure. Much can be done by law towards putting women on a footing of complete and entire equal rights with man—including the right to vote, the right to hold and use property, and the right to enter any profession she desires on the same terms as the man. Yet when this has been done it will amount to little unless on the one hand the man himself realizes his duty to the woman, and unless on the other hand the woman realizes that she has no claim to rights unless she performs the duties that go with those rights and that alone justify her in appealing to them. A cruel, selfish, or licentious man is an abhorrent member of the community; but, after all, his actions are no worse in the long run than those of the woman who is content to be a parasite on others, who is cold, selfish, caring for nothing but frivolous pleasure and ignoble ease. The law of worthy effort, the law of service for a worthy end, without regard to whether it brings pleasure or pain, is the only right law of life, whether for man or for woman. The man must not be selfish; nor, if the woman is wise, will she let the man grow selfish, and this not only for her own sake but for his. One of the prime needs is to remember that almost every duty is composed of two seemingly conflicting elements, and that over-insistence on one, to the exclusion of the other, may defeat its own end. Any man who studies the statistics of the birth-rate among the native Americans of New England, or among the native French of France, needs not to be told that when prudence and forethought are carried to the point of cold selfishness and self-indulgence, the race is bound to disappear. Taking into account the women who for good reasons do not marry, or who when married are childless or are able to have but one or two children, it is evident that the married woman able to have children must on an average have four or the race will not perpetuate itself. This is the mere statement of a self-evident truth. Yet foolish and self-indulgent people often resent this statement as if it were in some way possible by denunciation to reverse the facts of nature; and, on the other hand, im-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

provident and shiftless people, inconsiderate and brutal people, treat the statement as if it justified heads of families in having enormous numbers of badly nourished, badly brought up, and badly cared for children for whom they make no effort to provide. A man must think well before he marries. He must be a tender and considerate husband and realize that there is no other human being to whom he owes so much of love and regard and consideration as he does to the woman who with pain bears and with labor rears the children that are his. No words can paint the scorn and contempt which must be felt by all right-thinking men, not only for the brutal husband, but for the husband who fails to show full loyalty and consideration to his wife. Moreover, he must work, he must do his part in the world. On the other hand, the woman must realize that she has no more right to shirk the business of wifehood and motherhood than the man has to shirk his business as breadwinner for the household. Women should have free access to every field of labor which they care to enter, and when their work is as valuable as that of a man it should be paid as highly. Yet normally for the man and the woman whose welfare is more important than the welfare of any other human beings, the woman must remain the housemother, the homekeeper, and the man must remain the breadwinner, the provider for the wife who bears his children and for the children she brings into the world. No other work is as valuable or as exacting for either man or woman; it must always, in every healthy society, be for both man and woman the prime work, the most important work; normally all other work is of secondary importance, and must come as an addition to, not a substitute for, this primary work. The partnership should be one of equal rights, one of love, of self-respect and unselfishness, above all a partnership for the performance of the most vitally important of all duties. The performance of duty, and not an indulgence in vapid ease and vapid pleasure, is all that makes life worth while.

WOMAN'S "RIGHT"

Suffrage for women should be looked on from this standpoint. Personally I feel that it is exactly as much a "right" of women as of men to vote. But the important point with both men and women is to treat the exercise of the suffrage as a duty, which, in the long run, must be well performed to be of the slightest value. I always favored woman's suffrage, but only tepidly, until my association with women like Jane Addams, Mary Antin, and Frances Kellor, who desired it as one means of enabling them to render better and more efficient service, changed me into a zealous instead of a lukewarm adherent of the cause. A vote is like a rifle: its usefulness depends upon the character of the user. The mere possession of the vote will no more benefit men and women not sufficiently developed to use it than the possession of rifles will turn untrained Egyptian fellaheen into soldiers. This is as true of woman as of man—and no more true. Universal suffrage in Hayti has not made the Haytians able to govern themselves in any true sense; and woman suffrage in Utah in no shape or way affected the problem of polygamy. I believe in suffrage for women in America, because I think they are fit for it. I believe for women, as for men, more in the duty of fitting one's self to do well and wisely with the ballot than in the naked right to cast the ballot.

THE MAN'S DUTY TO THE WOMAN

I wish that people would read books like the novels and stories, at once strong and charming, of Henry Bordeaux, books like Kathleen Norris's "Mother," and would use these, and other such books, as tracts, now and then! Perhaps the following correspondence will give a better idea than I can otherwise give of the problems that in everyday life come before men and women, and of the need that the man shall show himself unselfish and considerate, and do his full share of the joint duty:

January 3, 1913.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt:

Dear Sir—I suppose you are willing to stand sponsor for the assertion that the women of the country are not doing their duty unless they have large families. I wonder if you know the real reason, after all. Society and clubs are held largely to blame, but society really takes in so few people, after all. I thought, when I got married at twenty, that it was the proper thing to have a family, and, as we had very little of this world's goods, also thought it the thing to do all the necessary work for them. I have had nine children, did all my own work, including washing, ironing, house-cleaning, and the care of the little ones as they came along, which was about every two years; also sewed everything they wore, including trousers for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the boys and caps and jackets for the girls while little. I also helped them all in their school work, and started them in music, etc. But as they grew older I got behind the times. I never belonged to a club or a society or lodge, nor went to any one's house scarcely; there wasn't time. In consequence, I knew nothing that was going on in the town, much less the events of the country, and at the same time my husband kept growing in wisdom and knowledge, from mixing with men and hearing topics of the times discussed. At the beginning of our married life I had just as quick a mind to grasp things as he did, and had more school education, having graduated from a three years' high school. My husband more and more declined to discuss things with me; as he said, "I didn't know anything about it." When I'd ask, he'd say, "Oh, you wouldn't understand if I'd tell you." So here I am, at forty-five years, hopelessly dull and uninteresting, while he can mix with the brightest minds in the country as an equal. He's a strong Progressive man, took very active part in the late campaign, etc. I am also Progressive, and tried my best, after so many years of shut-in life, to grasp the ideas you stood for, and read everything I could find during the summer and fall. But I've been out of touch with people too long now, and my husband would much rather go and talk to some woman who hasn't had any children, because she *knows things* (I am not specifying any particular woman). I simply bore him to death because I'm not interesting. Now, tell me, how was it my fault? I was only doing what I thought was my duty. No woman can keep up with things who never talks with any one but young children. As soon as my children grew up they took the same attitude as their father, and frequently say, "Oh, mother doesn't know." They look up to and admire their father because he's a man of the world and knows how to act when he goes out. How can I urge my daughters now to go and raise large families? It means by the time you have lost your figure and charm for them they are all ashamed of you. Now, as a believer in woman's rights, do a little talking to the men as to their duties to their wives, or else refrain from urging us women to have children. I am only one of thousands of middle-class respectable women who give their lives to raise a nice family, and then who become bitter from the injustice done us. Don't let this go into the waste-basket, but think it over. Yours respectfully, ——— ———.

THE MAN'S DEBT TO THE MOTHER OF HIS CHILDREN

New York, January 11, 1913.

My Dear Mrs. ———:

Most certainly your letter will not go into the waste-paper basket. I shall think it over and show it to Mrs. Roosevelt. Will you let me say, in the first place, that a woman who can write such a letter is certainly not "hopelessly dull and uninteresting"! If the facts are as you state, then I do not wonder that you feel bitterly and that you feel that the gravest kind of injustice has been done you. I have always tried to insist to men that they should do their duty to the women even more than the women to them. Now I hardly like to write specifically about your husband, because you might not like it yourself. It seems to me almost incredible that any man who is the husband of a woman who has borne him nine children should not feel that they and he are lastingly her debtors. You say that you have had nine children, that you did all your own work, including washing, ironing, house-cleaning, and the care of the little ones as they came along; that you sewed everything they wore, including trousers for the boys and caps and jackets for the girls while little; that you helped them all in their school work and started them in music; but that as they grew older you got behind the times, that you never belonged to a club or society or lodge, nor went to any one's house, as you hardly had time to do so; and that in consequence your husband outgrew you, and that your children look up to him and not to you and feel that they have outgrown you. If these facts are so, you have done a great and wonderful work, and the only explanation I can possibly give of the attitude you describe on the part of your husband and children is that they do not understand what it is that you have done. I emphatically believe in unselfishness, but I also believe that it is a mistake to let other people grow selfish, even when the other people are husband and children.

Now, I suggest that you take your letter to me, of which I send you back a copy, and this letter, and then select out of your family the one with whom you feel most sympathy, whether it is your husband or one of your children. Show the two letters to him or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her, and then have a frank talk about the matter. If any man, as you say, becomes ashamed of his wife because she has lost her figure in bearing his children, then that man is a hound and has every cause to be ashamed of himself. I am sending you a little book called "Mother," by Kathleen Norris, which will give you my views on the matter. Of course there are base and selfish men, just as there are, although I believe in smaller number, base and selfish women. Man and woman alike should profit by the teachings in such a story as this of "Mother."

Sincerely yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

January 21, 1913.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt:

My dear Sir—Your letter came as a surprise, for I wasn't expecting an answer. The next day the book came, and I thank you for your ready sympathy and understanding. I feel as though you and Mrs. Roosevelt would think I was hardly loyal to my husband and children; but knowing of no other way to bring the idea which was so strong in my mind to your notice, I told my personal story. If it will, in a small measure, be the means of helping some one else by molding public opinion, through you, I shall be content. You have helped me more than you know. Just having you interested is as good as a tonic, and braces me up till I feel as though I shall refuse to be "laid on the shelf." . . . To think that you'd bother to send me a book. I shall always treasure it both for the text of the book and the sender. I read it with absorbing interest. The mother was so splendid. She was ideal. The situations are so startlingly real, just like what happens here every day with variations. —— ——.

A narrative of facts is often more convincing than a homily; and these two letters of my correspondent carry their own lesson.

Parenthetically, let me remark that whenever a man thinks that he has outgrown the woman who is his mate, he will do well carefully to consider whether his growth has not been downward instead of upward, whether the facts are not merely that he has fallen away from his wife's standard of refinement and of duty.

The next installment of Mr. Roosevelt's "Chapters of a Possible Autobiography" is entitled "The New York Police." It will appear in The Outlook of July 26

WHEN PADRAIC CAME PIPING

BY RUTH SAWYER

WITH DRAWINGS BY J. CONACHER

IT is a small village, quite ignored by the railway guides and unknown to travelers; so, should I call it aright, you would hardly be the wiser. The people there are quiet folk, unwishful for the curious eyes of strangers, and it is for their sakes I rename the place "Dromore"—after a village of its ilk in County Sligo. It stands overperching the sea, a bit of the wildest part of the Donegal coast. The gray hills of Mayo face it; green meadows fold it in. For generations it has kept unbroken its Gaelic customs, clung to the Gaelic tongue, and hidden itself persistently from the passing world. Save for the scanty journeyings of its folks to Donegal on Fair days, and the fame of its forge, which has brought the hill people to its doors for over a hundred years, little concerning it has been known even to the neighboring villages.

This held true up to a score of years ago, and then, in a trice, it was changed. The name of Dromore was on every tongue through the length and breadth of Ireland. For a fortnight people searched in vain for the marking of it on the maps, while Dublin papers printed the happenings on their front pages and leading counselors prophesied concerning them. When the fortnight was over, Dromore was as speedily forgotten. It sank back into its quiet obscurity and things became as they had been. Now mass is again said in the little church there, and a Gaelic master teaches the children. And so

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A MAN AND A LAD STRUCK THE CROSS-ROADS"

it will be for another hundred years—perhaps. Only once in a while a jarvey will remember as he drives his party of tourists past the lane that turns in towards the village. Then, very likely, he will stop his car, and, pointing with his whip down the winding green of hawthorn hedge, he will say:

"There were queer happenin's yondther in my father's time; queer enough to set all the tongues in Ireland a-waggin'."

And so the tale will be told again.

On the day of the Harvest Fair at Donegal, twenty years gone, a man and a lad struck the cross-roads towards the heat of the day, both afoot; the man was empty-shouldered, the lad carried naught but a shepherd's pipe, and the faces of the two were dark with trouble.

Half the county was packed in between the three streets that mark the town "diamond," and half the spring raising of calves and foals, shoats, sheep, and gray donkeys were penned in the center, behind the fence of wheel-locked carts. All about were cockle and dillusc sellers; and above their cries and the grunts and squeals of the creatures rose the sound of the bargaining. Everywhere was noise and good humor, and because of this the black looks of the man stood out more plainly as the lad left him and he went on alone down the street. Men stopped their bargaining and heads turned as he passed.

"Look!" said one; "'tis McHugh, the smith. Things are not bettherin' at Dromore, I'm thinkin'."

"Nor will they," said his neighbor, "till

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the son follows the father. 'Twas an ill day for them when the old Earl died; sthrange we've heard little or naught o' the doin's there, an' him dyin' afore Bealtaine last."

"Faith, 'tis like pullin' stones from the Causeway to get a bit o' news from a Dromore man; but, if there be's a soul in the county can do it, it's *him* yondther."

The farmer jerked his thumb towards a youngish man who, even as he pointed, strode out from the crowd and laid a hand on the shoulder of the passing smith.

And the two, watching, nodded with a great satisfaction. "'Twas as I was sayin'," said the farmer; "Docthor Danny'll have the throuble off him afore he goes a step farther, an' we'll be gettin' it by evenin'."

And it was even so. Bit by bit was overheard by an eavesdropper here and a gossip there, and long before the Fair crowd broke they had the tale complete to carry home with them. And a hot tale it was. For the doctor's sympathy was a strong wind that fanned the blaze of the smith's anger until the sparks flew fierce and steady from his tongue.

Matthew, Earl of W—— and Lord of Dromore, had died on Bealtaine, which is May Eve, as every one knows; and out of that had grown the trouble. He and his father, and the father before him, had shepherded their tenantry after the manner of few English landlords. A chapel had been built and consecrated in the time of McHugh's grandfather, it being ten miles over the moorland to the nearest church. A grant had also been made by each of the succeeding earls to insure the saying of mass there every Sunday afternoon by the nearest Gaelic-speaking priest. This grant had provided for the services of a Gaelic master as well; for Dromore's pride in the Irish heritage was respected, and many a time had its landlord sat far into the night listening to the chanting of an old hero tale by a cabin hearthside. This happens oftener nowadays, but then it was a rare thing for an English landowner to do aught but curse and put his heel on Irish doings. All this had died with the old Earl at Bealtaine last; the son that followed was a younger son, inheriting naught save the title of Dromore, and, as though Dromore were to blame for it, he turned his spite on its people, undoing bit by bit the careful shepherding of his forebears. The grant was stopped, the chapel rebaptized, and a young curate brought in who read the Church of England service each Sunday to empty benches, while bitter men and women tramped their twenty miles to mass and back. Hatred, rancor, and hopelessness sprang up like ill-conditioned weeds; and where blessings had been wont to fall curses were held back between tightening lips.

There was—is still, for that matter—a custom to raise the tax on every improvement a tenant puts on his land or house. Let him rethatch his roof, fence in his field, whitewash his walls, or work, starve, and save to buy a head of cattle, and up go his taxes a pound or so the next year. Dromore had never known this injustice until the coming of the new lord. But the day following his home-coming to the manor house he went about the village with the agent, and for every little comfort or bit of thrift added in his father's time he made the tax roll proportionally greater, serving the notice that very day. And it was that night that the people felt the sting of bondage for the first time. And that was not all. He had cursed their Gaelic greetings, broken up their feast days with ridicule and jeering mockery, and his whip had been prone to cut the back of any lad he chanced to pass in riding.

All this and more did the smith tell Dr. Danny that day. Now the doctor had the way with him even then of bringing comfort and better health to minds as well as bodies; and, when McHugh had done with the tale, he drew him away from the crowd passing and sat him down on a box behind Tomais the cobbler's.

"Cool your tongue a bit, man, while ye listen to me. 'Tis ever the way—the silence ye have kept, all of ye, these months has only sent the hurt deeper. But go back to Dromore and tell them that trouble was never raised by angry words yet and ye had best keep the silence."

"'Tis easy advice ye are givin' desperate people," muttered the smith.

"'Tis the safest. 'Angry words come home to roost.' And I'll couple that with another saying as true, 'Tis a long hedge that has no break in it.' Bide your time. The young lord is drinking himself fast into his grave, and ye'll be having the brother over ye some day; a good man he—cut in the same fashion as his father."

"An' there be's another sayin' I'm mindin' this day, Docthor Danny," came a voice from behind him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I'LL SEE CAN I PLAY IT TO THEM ALONG THE WAY"

The doctor wheeled, and the next instant he was looking down into the gray eyes of the lad who had come with McHugh. "Why, it's Padraic, the rascal. How comes it, lad, we have not heard ye piping?"

A startled look came into the lad's eyes. "The music has gone from me, just. 'Tis stopped—here," and his fingers clutched at his throat tremulously. "Do ye think will it come again, Docthor?"

Dr. Danny's laugh rang out reassuringly. "And why not? Look at McHugh now. Ye know the face he brought with him this day from Dromore; and it's cured entirely by a good wash in the Abbey spring. Go down there yourself and try what a full drink will do."

"Aye—ye think so? Ye see, I made the promise of a bag o' sweets to Hughey's wee Hannah, an' I must be pipin' for the pennies." He turned to go, but before he had taken a dozen steps he turned back. "There was the sayin' I was to tell ye—'tis every bit as good as the ones ye were givin' Hughey—'Tis a bad road that can't be betthered by mending!'" And with that he was gone.

Dr. Danny shook his head. "It's strange what goes on in the mind of a half-wit. Now what do ye make of that lad, McHugh?"

"Naught. For the most part he's that simple ye can read him like a childher's book; but now an' again he puzzles the wisest head. We've kept from him what we could o' the doin's at Dromore, for he takes things terribly to heart, but on the way hither I told him a good bit an' he's picked up more from the gossips, like as not. Ochone! I wish I had the unsayin' o' the things I've said this day!"

"The lad will forget it," said Dr. Danny, by way of consolation, and then: "There is this to comfort ye, and help ye to bear silently a while longer: the Lord of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dromore has not a friend, living or dead, and his world is full of evil tales about him. The time may come soon when ye could bring some action against his cruelties, and even an English court would listen to ye because of the other things he has done."

Above the bustle of the crowd's departure sounded the sweet, silvery notes of the shepherd's pipe; it brought a smile of loving pride to the smith's face.

"Yondther's the lad afther his pennies. There's be no one can bring the music out o' the pipe like him. Some think he has slept o' nights with his ear to a faery rath and caught the music of Lugh-of-Old. I'm not sayin' 'tis thrue, mind ye, but myself has heard him play the Laugh Music an' the Sleep Music. There is but one more—God grant he may never play *that!*"

Dr. Danny was for asking what he meant; but the smith had already started towards the hill road. "If the lad asks," he called back, "ye tell him I've gone on. He'll overtake me afore Frosses. *Slan leat!*"

The doctor stood a moment looking after him, trying to fathom the meaning of those last words. He knew Lugh-of-Old, the Celtic master-god, but what was the third music? His memory had failed him. He turned to go about his own business, still wondering.

Dark had settled in the valley when Padraic—the promised sweets in his pocket—took the hill road after McHugh. As he climbed the way grew brighter. Flashes of purple light still shone back of the farther hills, and on Bin Bann the heathered moorland glowed with it.

"'Tis a brave evenin'," said Padraic, exultantly. "Ye can hear the sky an' the hills singin', just. There be's naught like a song o' the hills to lift throuble from ye."

He took the pipe from under his arm and raised it to his lips. For an instant he stood motionless, his ear cocked, his body tense, with strained muscle and nerve, his eyes fixed on the far-away splendor. Then the figure relaxed and the lad laughed happily to himself.

"I have it! I have it, just! I'll see can I play it to them-along-the-way. There be many too busy in the cabins wi' the tasks to heed it; an' there be others wi' eyes too tired to look. Padraic knows—"

Again the pipe was laid to his lips. This time a strain of music was set free—music full of drowsy bird notes and wind in the grasses, of tranquil rest and hopeful promises of the coming day. Only the souls that live unspotted from the world can hear and make the music that Padraic piped as he tramped over the hills that night. And many a man, grown dull and hard from the burden of unending toil, heard and roused himself to some little act of kindness. And many a tired woman-heart listened and took new courage.

From a cabin in a hollow by Carn-na-ween came the cry of a child as Padraic passed. The piping stopped.

"Maybe the wee thing's alone while the grown folks work late, harvestin'. I'll thry can I hush it." And he crossed the road, crouching down on the steps by the open door.

As he peered in he could barely see by the dusky light a rough cradle in the center of the floor, with a pair of small fists beating the air helplessly. "'Twas as I was thinkin'. 'Tis way past time wee creathures should be asleep. Listen, birdeen, Padraic will play ye the Sleep Music."

A long, hushed call broke from the pipe, followed by another and yet another. A pause, and then came a slow, rocking croon, as monotonous as water lapping on the shore or sheep nibbling in green fields, and as soothing. The cries of the child grew less fretful and not so frequent. They changed to soft little indrawn sobs, while the fists dropped down into the cradle. In a moment more came the sound of regular breathing with an answering baby croon.

Padraic chuckled: "The wee thing has caught the music hersel'. She'll not be wakin' now till there's somebody by to tend her."

Making the sign of the cross over the sleeping child, he went on, silently now, the pipe under his arm. Beyond Frosses the road climbed up again; the cabins became more scattered, the road deserted for long stretches. Dark was on the hill-tops, and single candles shone out like lode-stars on the way. At a lonely cabin Padraic again stopped.

"I wondher is Granny McGraw awake?"

He stole up to the window and looked in. An old woman dozed in her chair by a dead hearth; the candle on the chimney-shelf sputtered feebly. Padraic flattened his nose against the pane that he might see more clearly.

"The poor old soul looks fair gone. 'Tis a bad thing for a bird to be kept on its nest

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

afther the fledglings are raised an' flown. I'll play her a grand memory."

Leaning against the half-closed window, he put the pipe again to his lips and blew the air of an Irish reel, the beloved music to which every maid has danced when the feet and heart are young. Quickly the air changed to a Gaelic love song, old as the sorrow of Ireland herself, each note throbbing under the pressure of Padraic's lips, full of sweetness and tragedy. Half-way through it he broke off and took up a holiday tune. It was unmistakably one of merrymaking and gladness. The pipers and fiddlers for generations have played it at betrothal and wedding feasts. Padraic finished it, and then, after a minute's pause, he broke into the swinging lilt of cradle-croon, rhythmic and alluring. And all this while the old woman slept on; only the lines of pain in the face softened into the faintest wisp of a smile and the hands folded themselves contentedly across the empty lap.

"The whole world's asleep," said Padraic as he took the road again. "I'm thinkin' there's no one abroad savin' me—an' the Good People."

But even as he spoke came the sound of pounding hoofs along the road before him. A few more moments and a horseman rode quickly by towards Donegal. A Gaelic greeting was on Padraic's lips when something spun over his head and fell with a clang among the brush and stones of the roadside. Before he could get the better of his surprise the rider was out of earshot.

"Now, was it meant for me?" mused the half-wit as he scrambled in the direction of the falling thing. "Or did he not see me at all, an' was it a good-for-naught he was throwin' away, just?"

His hand closed over the thing he sought. It was too dark for him to see, but his fingers told him as well as his eyes could have told that it was a small hunting-knife with a deer's hoof hilt—the kind the gentry carry to cut off the brush when they ride down their quarry. Padraic gave a little cry of wonder as he slipped it into his pocket along with the sweets.

"It does be feelin' for all the world like the one from the manor house that Hughey was mendin' the day past."

Mention of the manor house brought a flood of memories with it—memories of the things he had heard that day—and which the joy of the piping had driven from him.

"'Tis like a heavy hand on a man's heart," he said, with a long breath, "an' they've kept it from me till this day." There was an odd mixture of childish wonder and reproach in his voice. The village of his adoption knew better than he the depth of his love and loyalty; it also knew the power of his grieving. Ever since the day he had wandered into Dromore, ignorant whence he had come, and had chosen them for his people, they had loved him as their own and shielded him. As his mind dwelt now on the trouble he repeated over and over again the saying that had been ringing in his head half the day: "'"'Tis a bad road that can't be betthered by mendin'.'" Aye, that's thrue, an' Padraic maybe— Who knows?"

Those who have studied into the workings of a half-born mind—a mind that for the most part is incapable of initiative, shuffling uncertainly through life—know that there are times when it will act with amazing decision. It is, as McHugh had said, strange enough to puzzle the wisest head.

Padraic stopped suddenly in the middle of the road. "An' why not?" he asked himself, sharply. "Why not, if I have the music o' Laughter an' Sleep, why have I not the other? Was it not on every man's tongue this day, that if *he* died there'd be no more trouble? Padraic, lad, ye must go this very night an' see can ye play the Death Music for the Lord o' Dromore."

It was long past midnight when Padraic parted the tangle of bushes at the back of the manor house and crept up to one of the lighted windows, half opened, and looking into the great hall, where a fire burned on the hearth, with an armchair drawn in front, and a table with decanters and an empty glass beside it. There was no sign of life in the room, but Padraic's keen eyes made out a hand clasped over the one visible arm of the chair.

"'Tis *him* there dthrinkin' an' plannin' some new devilment. I wondther just does he know it's his last?"

For a moment he waited, his elbows resting on the sill, his body pressed close to the wall, that he might see and hear the better.

"I'll not wait," he whispered. "I'll play now," and for the last time that day Padraic raised the pipe to his lips.

There was mystery, judgment, unrelenting fate, in the wail of music that pierced the silence of the great room, as a fine knife cuts

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through to a man's heart. Even the half-wit felt the awfulness of it, and the fingers that held the pipe grew strangely cold. The sound never rose above a *caoine*, but it carried all the mastery and the terror of death. It rose and sank and rose again, like the moaning of a storm wind, yet the hand never moved on the arm of the chair and no sound of living thing broke the spell. At last the music died away. Padraic moved as one coming out of a dream. He laid his pipe carefully on the sill, and, taking a firm grip of the ledge, drew himself up and over, dropping noiselessly into the room. He went up to the chair by the fire and laid a hand on the hand of the man sitting there. It was cold—colder than his own; the hard, wide-opened eyes were sightless.

McHugh, the smith, was waiting up for Padraic when he returned. The whole village belonged to him. He ate where he willed, slept wherever he happened to be; but most often it was at the smith's, on a pile of hides by the forge. McHugh knew he would be coming there this night. His eyes were dull with sleep when the lad opened the door, but one glance woke them into their usual sharpness.

"Lad! lad! What has happened ye? Are ye hurt?" His hand caught at the sleeve of Padraic's shirt, while his eyes traveled from it to the lad's bare feet. Both were marked with small red spots of blood. Padraic looked at them questioningly himself, shaking his head as though the puzzle were too great a one; but something jolted his mind back to the Fair, and he felt in his pocket for the bag he had put there.

"The sweeties for Hannah; I have them here somewhere." But, instead of drawing out the promised bag, his hand held the forgotten hunting-knife. The blade was stained, the red spots still fresh on it. Fear deepened in McHugh's eyes.

"For God's sake, speak, lad! What is the meaning o' these?"

A look of triumph swept Padraic's face. "Faith, I'm not knowin'. But, look ye here, Hughey. I have the Death Music as well as the others, an' I've been playin' it this night for the man yondther."

From the beginning the Dublin papers had the full of the tale: how the Lord of Dromore was found at early dawn sitting by the ashes of a burned-out hearth, hours dead from a single knife-thrust. They printed much of the servants' talk; there had been more than one who had heard the *bansidhe* wail in the night and had looked for death among them in the morning; others swore to the passing of the Phantom Coach, an apparition which haunts the Donegal coast when death is at hand. Both servants and neighbors alike pronounced their suspicions of Dromore, and search was being made among its people for the criminal. If the man were found and apprehended without delay, the trial would come off at the fall assizes, a fortnight hence. And a rumor was added that the Circuit Judge to sit that term was of the Supreme Court and a friend to the late lord. Press and public comment waxed strong, for it has not happened often in the history of the country that an Irish landlord lay murdered in his home with the crime resting at the door of his tenantry. Many held that the ugly reputation of the man would make it well-nigh impossible to convict his murderer under an Irish jury; others said that an English landlord was an English landlord, for all of that, and the man who killed him would hang.

Meanwhile terror, like the dreaded Pooka of famine times, hung over Dromore. At dawn, while servants hurried to Donegal for doctors, constables, coroners, and the like, Padraic was spirited away to a sea cave under the great jetting bluff, and there McHugh told him to bide till he should be fetched again. For Dromore believed, as did Padraic himself, that he had taken the lord's life; and all through the days that followed—when the village was surrounded by a vigilant guard who entered and searched every cabin and questioned and cross-questioned every man, woman, and child—Padraic was safely hidden and secretly fed. So great was their fear for him, they never dreamed of the danger that drew closer about themselves every hour, nor did they take any manner of precaution to ward suspicion from their own doors. So it happened on the fifth day that a constable dug from under the heap of horseshoes and scrap-iron that lay by the forge the knife which Padraic had brought back with him that night. A groom from the manor house testified before the local magistrate that same day that the knife belonged to the late lord, and he, the groom, had fetched it to McHugh to be mended just before the murder. That, with the gossip of the smith's angry words and black looks the day of the Harvest Fair, settled

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOMETHING SPUN OVER HIS HEAD AND FELL WITH A CLANG AMONG THE STONES

the matter as far as the magistrate was concerned, and McHugh was taken to the county jail. It was his final word before they took him that closed the mouths of Dromore. He drew Catriona, the wife, inside, closing the door on the waiting constables.

"Mind well what I say, asthor, for there may not come another time for the sayin' of it: 'Twas my anger that day that raised the lad's hand against the man, an' he must not suffer the blame, mind that! Ye can tell him I've gone to Scotland afther the herrin'; an' keep him close till the assizes are over. No matther what comes, aye, be it the worst, Dromore must shelter the lad and keep the silence."

As the days passed Padraic grew restless in the cave under the bluff. He missed McHugh. The gloomy looks of those who stole the food to him—for a watch was still held on Dromore—troubled him; and the day soon came when even his pipe failed to comfort.

"I'll take the road afther Hughey," he kept saying over and over to himself. "I'll leave at ring o' day; an' at Donegal they'll put me on the road to Scotland."

But as each day dawned the deep-rooted instinct to obey overruled his desire to be off, and he lingered on for a fortnight, minding McHugh's command. At the ring of the next day, however, unrest conquered him; and long before the village was astir he was tramping towards Donegal—his shepherd's pipe under his arm. He was amazed at the crowds he found there before him. It was easy to tell there must be great doings afoot—but what? Market days for the year were over; and this was no feast or holy day. He stepped apart to watch the people pass and repass, his mission for the time forgot-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ten. And as he waited bits of gossip drifted to him:

"They say 'tis the greatest Judge o' the Circuit Court come to thry the case."

"Faith, 'twill take no matther o' greatness to prove the man's guilty—"

"There's not a soul in Ireland blamin' him this day; but, for all that, he'll hang—"

"They say 'tis an Orange jury that sits—an' landowners most of them. Sure, the man hasn't a chance—"

"Aye, he's refused the county's counsel an' pleads his own—"

Padraic shook his head, bewildered: "I can make naught out of it. It be's as senseless as the honkin' o' geese."

Slowly memory of what had brought him to Donegal came back, and he looked about him for some one to put him on the right road. Beyond the diamond he caught a glimpse of the familiar back of Dr. Danny. Darting between the passing carts, he crossed the street, and the next instant he was beside the doctor, pulling his sleeve and eagerly demanding the way to Scotland. Dr. Danny answered with a blank, questioning stare. Padraic explained:

"I'm followin' Hughey—do ye see? He's gone yondther for the herrin' fish, an' I'm for takin' the road afther him."

"Who told ye McHugh had gone to Scotland?"

But before ever the lad could answer, a bitter-tongued man from a village near Dromore, who had stood by listening, laughed harshly:

"If ye are lookin for McHugh, the smith, ye'll find him fasther in the Court-House than ye will on the road to Scotland."

Padraic's mind groped helplessly: "Is the man right?" he appealed to the doctor. "Has Hughey come back the day?"

It was then that Dr. Danny drew him away from the crowd, brought him across the bridge which spans the town and the open country, and put him safely on the hill road, his face towards Dromore.

"Aye, lad, the man spoke true. Hughey is home again, and, like as not, if ye hurry on ye'll find news of him waiting for ye in Dromore."

Bewildered, uncertain, Dr. Danny left him with a last admonition to "hurry home." For an hour or more he stood there—heeding nothing—a dull, half-witted lad. The whole universe might have tumbled at his feet and he would not have seen. In the end he woke; some strange, hidden force came alive within him, and it turned him back to the town and the Court-House.

No one saw him enter. So intense was the excitement that not an eye wavered from the judges' bench as Padraic edged his way, close to the wall, down as far as the jurors' seats. All the while the motionless, bent figure of McHugh held him as a magnet to the Pole. Slowly out of the tangle which had been Padraic's mind was raveled a single thread of understanding. Still more slowly he wove from it the meaning of what was going on before him. He saw the huddled, sobbing Catriona in a far-off corner, and about her a handful of Dromore men. He saw the landed gentry in the body of the room. He saw the court guard and the constables. All this Padraic gathered bit by bit, and then his eyes came back to McHugh and clung there.

The counsel for the prosecution had finished. Skillfully he had called the few witnesses and drawn his testimony; there was not a flaw in the evidence. So conclusively did he prove McHugh's guilt that the minds of the jurors were set before the prisoner was called to give his own plea. In summing up the case the counsel laid great emphasis on the need of full justice to protect the rights and lives of the landlords against a "lawless" tenantry. And he also went on to show that the tendency of crime—once awakened—is to spread to other communities unless promptly and rigorously punished. It was a masterly speech, spoken like a true supporter of the British law.

When McHugh rose, the wife and men from Dromore rose with him. They knew the cord was knotted for the smith unless they spoke, and they were making their last dumb appeal to him t raise the silence from them. McHugh knew as well as they, but his finger was laid unfalteringly on his lips while his eyes held them to their word. When he faced the Judge, it was as if the matter lay between the two of them, with the twelve men sitting below to judge.

"I am not guilty, your Honor," he began, slowly, "though the crime fits me mortial close. God knows I prayed for the death of the man that died, but I cannot be tellin' ye how the knife came back to me that day, nor whose hand killed with it."

His eyes wandered from the Judge for a moment to the body of the room, where the gentry sat, and a quiet bitterness came into his face.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

" For four hundthred years we have been learnin' patience an' sufferin' while our lands have been taken from us an' our birthright crushed undther the heel o' your Parliament. Aye, what ye have done for Ireland is what the last Lord o' Dromore has done for us; but, mark ye, long since we learned the foolishness o' strikin' back."

" That be's right," muttered Padraic; " now will they let him go."

He listened uncomprehendingly to the Judge's final word to the jury, wondering at his white, forbidding face. He watched the twelve men file out, knowing naught of their purpose. He waited silently with the others, puzzled that there should be a waiting. And at the last he heard the words of the twelve men: " Guilty, your Honor."

It is customary for a judge to face his prisoner when he gives the sentence; but this time it was otherwise. This Judge steadied himself when he rose, the words caught in his throat, and his eyes dodged McHugh's and somehow found Padraic.

" Inasmuch as the prisoner, Hugh McHugh, is found guilty under the law of this province of murder in the first degree—I—sentence him—to be—"

But it was never finished. Padraic sprang past the jurors, past the counsel for the prosecution, to the Judge's bench. " Ye are wrong entirely," he laughed. " 'Twas not Hughey at all killed the lord; 'twas me, just. I killed him wi' the Death Music."

The room buzzed with the sound of a thousand tongues. Men mounted their seats or pushed their way towards the front; Catriona, in the corner, stopped sobbing. The Judge called silence, and every noise stilled save the heavy breathing of two men, the Judge and McHugh.

Padraic smiled wisely. " Ye know the Death Music, your Honor? Ye know how it was played in the old days for an evil man when he had lived a day too long. 'Twas that way wi' the Lord o' Dromore, so I piped for him, an' when I went to the chair his hand was cold an' he was dead entirely. Aye, Padraic killed him."

" The lad's a half-wit; shall I put him out, your Honor?" It was a constable who spoke, but the Judge seemed only half to hear. All day he had looked more like a statue than a man, a frozen piece of the English law, unfeeling, blindly executive. Now the mask had fallen, and behind it showed a great trouble.

A voice from the crowd broke the hush; it was the bitter-tongued man: " Let the lad thry can he play the Death Music now; it might save the county the throuble of hangin' McHugh there."

The constables and guard looked to the Judge for the order to clear the court, but the Judge was looking at Padraic.

" Aye, I'll play, but 'twill only reach the heart o' the man who has done evil. 'Tis ever that way; the Death Music is not for them that has done no harm. Hearken!"

Who can say what was in the piping that day? You, who believe in more than eyes can see and hands can touch, will say with the hill folk that Padraic had slept with his ear to a faery rath and learned the secret from the pagan god—the secret of uncovering what lies hidden in a man's heart. Like a challenge the notes rang out from his pipe, stern and compelling. It was as if the Angel of the Judgment Day called, and those listening grew afraid. Then the strange thing happened: the Judge's hand reached out suddenly and snatched the pipe from Padraic's fingers, hurling it the length of the room. In consternation the people watched him take off the wig and gown of his office, and, laying them aside, step down beside the half-wit. When he spoke, his voice was low, but steady and clear, and those listening wondered long afterwards at the quiet of it.

" The prisoner is dismissed. I killed the Lord of Dromore."

It was Padraic alone who did not share in the gladness of Dromore that night. He sat apart, troubled, and no one could get aught from him. But at last McHugh came and laid a hand on his shoulder.

" What ails ye, lad? Are ye grievin' because they did not have the hangin' o' Hughey, afther all?"

" No," answered the piper, solemnly; " 'tis not that. 'Tis the Judge I'm thinkin' about. 'Tis plain as the hills o' Mayo yondther who brought death to the lord's door, an' yet that poor simple-minded man thinks 'twas he killed him. Do ye know how comes it, Hughey, that they ever let naught but a half-wit be an English judge?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BY THE WAY

When the cable does not announce the destruction of a Zeppelin air-ship, it usually tells of a record-breaking trip by one of these monster dirigibles. The latest is of an aerial voyage by Count Zeppelin from Baden-Baden to Vienna, a distance of 430 miles, in half the time that the regular express train takes to accomplish the journey. Twenty-two passengers accompanied the Count.

Even the dull man *wants* to talk, says a contributor to the "Ladies' Home Journal," when a woman is trying to entertain him. "The woman who makes him talk is the one he considers a brilliant conversationalist. If she can make him talk about himself, he's sure she talks by direct inspiration." As these words of counsel are written by a man, they may be worth heeding by the summer girl who is preparing for a campaign on the hotel piazza.

Societies with long names are usually shortened by busy Americans, as with the "Y. M. C. A." and the "I. W. W.," which are popularly known by their initials. Germans also are now, it is said, abbreviating some unduly cumbrous titles. The "Allegemeine Luftfahrtzeug-Ausstellung" is popularly known as the "Ala," and now the "Deutsche Ausschuss für den Mathematischen und Naturwissenschaftlichen Unterricht" has been happily converted into the "Damnu"—which, while perhaps objectionable as the title of an American society, has no impious connotation to the German.

California this year has the honor of being supreme in tennis. Miss Mary Browne, of that State, recently won the women's National championship in singles, while Maurice McLaughlin, also of California, holds the men's championship.

Washington, in laying out the capital city of the Nation, erected forty milestones at different points in the District of Columbia. These milestones are now in various states of preservation. A plan has been proposed to make a great boulevard around Washington, on which these old landmarks shall be set in attractive mountings to indicate the original outlines of the ten-mile square which comprised the District.

Dr. S. Adolphus Knopf, Professor of Medicine in the New York Post-Graduate Medical School, writing in the "American Journal of Public Health" about tuberculosis, objects to the Chautauqua Salute, the waving of handkerchiefs by an entire audience, as "a dangerous practice," as the handkerchiefs may contain dried infectious pulmonary secretions.

Red bananas, says a daily paper in its market report, sell in New York City at 45 to 50 cents a dozen, very much higher than the familiar yellow variety. The red fruit has a distinctly different and, to many persons, a superior flavor. For some reason, however, the yellow banana is found in the market in immensely greater quantity than its ruddy congener.

An interurban terminal station is to be erected at Dallas, Texas, to cost $2,000,000. Five hundred trains a day will pass through the station, according to the "Electric Railway Journal."

Jules Verne's countrymen are rapidly realizing the dreams of the author of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Seas." Their latest approach to the marvelous craft sailed by Captain Nemo is the submarine boat Gustave Zède, just launched at Cherbourg—the largest submarine ever built. She is 242 feet long and 20 feet wide, and will make twelve miles an hour under water.

An ingenious German inventor has devised a "submarine sled" for the use of divers in moving about from place to place on the floor of the ocean. It contains compressed air tanks which supply the diver with air so that he can remain under water for several hours. While it is stated that this appliance will insure considerable freedom of movement for the diver, one imagines that rocks, seaweed, and wrecks would make "hard sledding" in many places for the adventurous submarine traveler.

The ministers of Englewood, New Jersey, a daily paper reports, accomplished what the City Council couldn't do—they settled a barbers' strike. Perhaps one reason for the effective work of the ministers was that the barbers struck for Sunday closing, and on this topic of vital interest to themselves the ministers could speak with genuine feeling. They secured all the barbers' demands.

That thoroughly naturalized institution, "made in Germany" but adopted in America, the delicatessen store, which was recently shut up on Sunday afternoon in New York City by command of the law, has now, by a decision of the Supreme Court, been opened again. The apartment dwellers who rely on this institution for their Sunday supper are rejoicing with exceeding gladness over the decision.

Japan and the United States, according to a writer in the "Scientific American," are nearly equal in naval strength. When present orders for battleships are completed, Japan will have twelve dreadnoughts, the United States thirteen. The Japanese gun-power, however, will be slightly in excess of that of the American vessels.

Within a decade, a Government bulletin states, exports from the United States to South America have increased from $38,000,000 to approximately $138,000,000. This represents the greatest percentage of gain in our exports that has taken place with respect to any continent.

Two Englishwomen, Miss Weston and Miss Wintz, according to the "Queen," last year sent to English sailors 822,000 copies of a monthly magazine, "Ashore and Afloat," and nearly 500,000 copies of a printed monthly letter. They have also founded the Royal Sailors' Rests, lodging-houses in which last year over 400,000 seamen were provided with comfortable lodgings.

The finest collection of St. Bernard dogs in the world is said to be owned in the vicinity of Long Branch, New Jersey. If dogs had aspirations, no doubt these splendid fellows would wish that they were living lives of usefulness in the snowy Alps, like their forebears, instead of being merely prize animals in the dog shows.

The unfortunate Carlotta, widow of the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, has been insane for the forty-seven years that have elapsed since her husband's execution. Recently, it is said, she mentioned Maximilian's name for the first time since she lost her reason—possibly an indication of returning lucidity?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED